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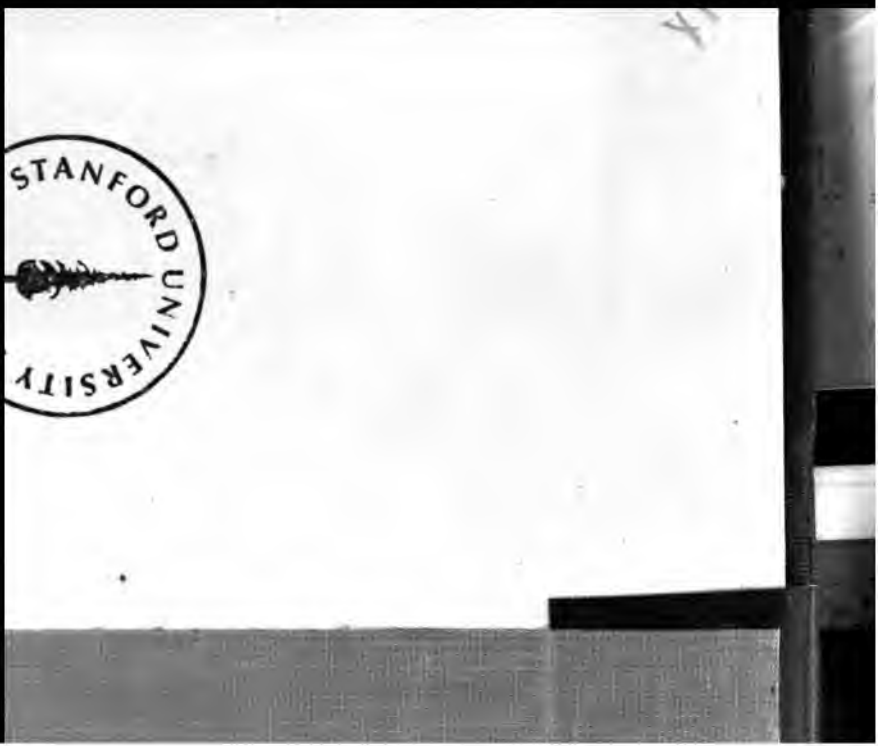
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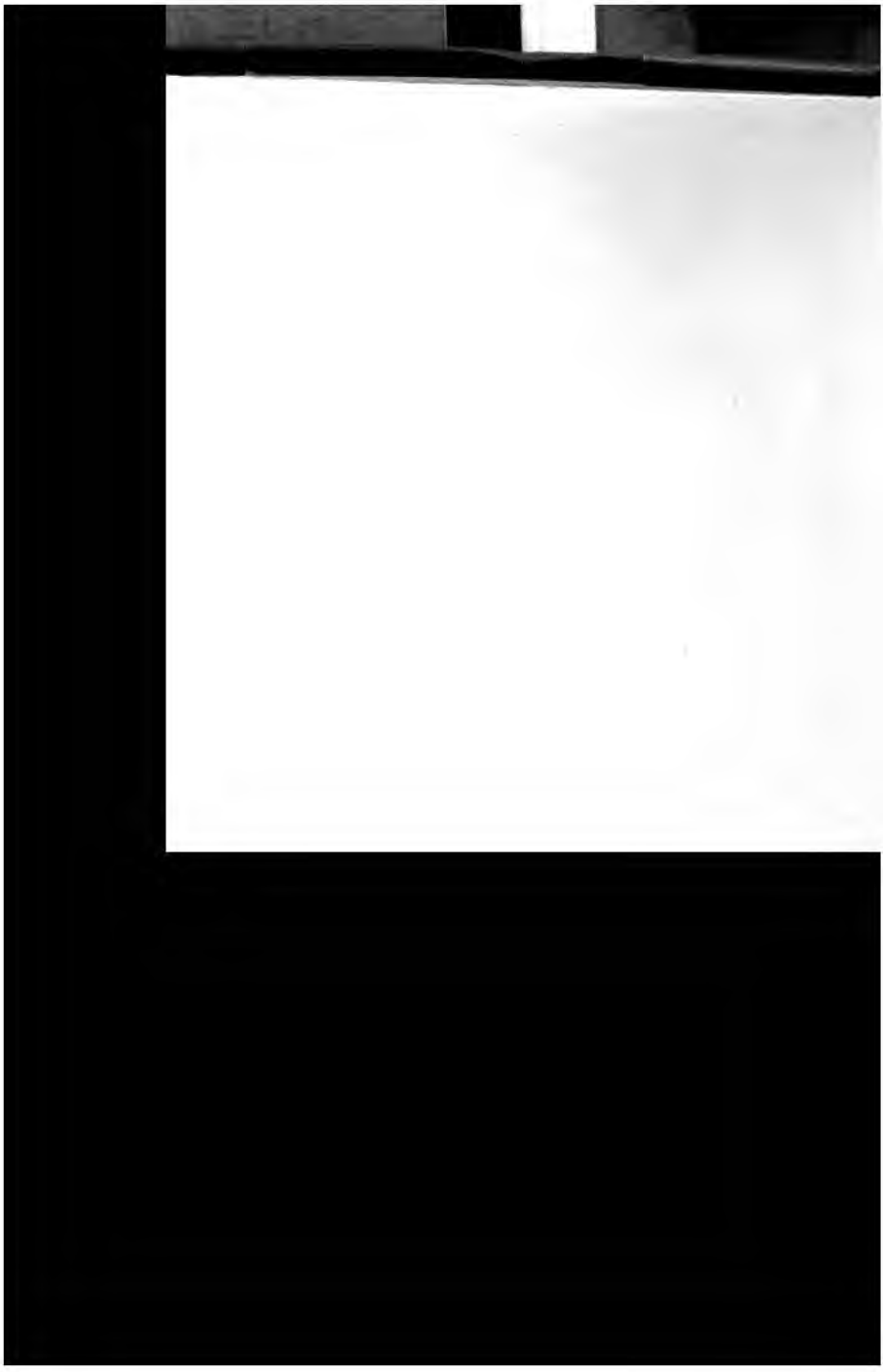
The

Women of Homer



The Women of Homer

By

Walter Copland Perry

Author of

"Greek and Roman Sculpture"

With Illustrations

London

William Heinemann

1898

To

Her Most Gracious Majesty

Victoria

δίη γυναικῶν

Queen of Great Britain and Ireland
Empress of India, etc.

This little work is dedicated, by her kind permission, in grateful remembrance of sixty years passed under her most glorious and beneficent reign, by her humble, loyal, and devoted servant,

THE AUTHOR

PREFACE

THE following pages are intended principally for English readers, and all that appeals exclusively to Greek scholars is relegated to the Appendices.

How lively and thorough may be the sense and understanding of classical antiquity in those who have little or no knowledge of the Greek language, is exemplified in very numerous instances. Who has portrayed Greek and Roman heroes so faithfully as Shakespeare, with his "small Latin and less Greek"? Whose heart has been thrilled with greater rapture by the divine songs of Homer than those of Goethe and Schiller? Who has ever shown a more subtle instinct for Greek art and Greek poetry than Keats, in his "Ode to a Grecian Urn," his "Psyche" and "Endymion"? Yet none of these were classical scholars; they derived their knowledge of Greek literature chiefly from translations. The same may be predicated of many of our most popular modern artists, who delight to take their subjects from the two grand Epics of Homer.

The portraits of Greek goddesses and women in this work may be considered inconsistent with what we have said about the essential difference between the dress of Homeric ladies—Andromache, Helen, &c.—and that of Greek women of the so-called classical period. But

Preface

rial and plastic remains of the Heroic age do furnish sufficient examples of Homeric dress from h to derive satisfactory illustrations. We have been ed, therefore, to forego archæological correctness, to look to suitability and beauty alone.

Ve have used throughout, with some variations, the irable translation of the Odyssey by Messrs. Butcher Lang, and that of the Iliad by Messrs. Lang, Leaf, Myers, the quaint phraseology of which is well d to give the reader an idea of Homer's simple ical style.

Ve have generally, not always, given the Greek es of the personages of the two Epics, but we sub- their more familiar Latin equivalents.

eus	= Jupiter.	Dionysos	= Bacchus.
era	= Juno.	Demeter	= Ceres.

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THE WOMEN OF HOMER

CHAPTER I

HOMER

ONE of the strongest inherent tendencies in the human mind is that which impels us to search for the origin of all the more striking phenomena of external nature, and all the more brilliant developments of the human intellect.

We are not content with seeing the Nile in its full strength and glory, as the source of life and joy to countless generations of a wise and mighty people; to see on its banks the temples of primæval gods, the palaces and sepulchres of wide-ruling monarchs, and the gigantic colossi in their awful silence and mystery, and their eternal duration. This does not satisfy us; men have been ready in all ages to risk life and fortune in the effort to reach its source, to see it in its weak infancy in the mountain fastnesses.

And so it is with Homer: we know him as the origin of Greek (*i.e.* of European) literature, as the perennial spring of lofty thoughts and beautiful images, from which the greatest poets—Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles,

uripides,—the greatest philosophers—Plato and Aris-tle—drew their inspiring draughts. We know him as e creator of the gods of the most gifted of human ces, as the mighty genius who gave them personal d moral character, and brought them within the reach human comprehension and the artist's chisel; and e know that his works were the delight and solace of ighty conquerors—of Alexander the Great, of Hannibal d Napoleon—in the intervals of their warlike labours.

But this is not enough. Whole libraries have been ritten in the past, and will be written in the future, on hat are called "the Homeric questions;"—where was omer born? to what country and race did he belong? here and how and with whom did he live? did he only ng, or also write his lays? were the Iliad and the dyssey the work of the same man? and did he write e whole or only part of each?

sweet voice rings in our ears from the unfathomable depths of the ages, and, like the voice of Nature herself, thrills our hearts with ineffable delight."[1] We know that seven cities of Asia disputed for the glory of being his birthplace, yet the ancients were in as much doubt as we are about the place of his birth: "For Homer was not a product of the earth, but the muses sent him to us creatures of a day as a much-desired gift."[2]

The best answer perhaps to the question, Where was Homer born? is given in this well-known epigram: "To what country shall we ascribe Homer, towards whom all cities stretch out their hands? This we know not, for the great godlike hero has left his birth and his country to the muses."[3]

Yet, as I have said, these questions have occupied the thoughts of countless generations of learned men. Even in this materialistic and prosaic age, there are scholars in England, and far more in Germany, who, under the name of Homerologists, spend their lives in striving to find a satisfactory answer to them.

The ancient world in general accepted the Iliad and the Odyssey as the work of the same man; and this view has been taken by many scholars of our own times. Even Bentley, the most illustrious of European scholars, the greatest master of analytical criticism, held that Homer lived about the year 1050 B.C., and composed both the Iliad and Odyssey in writing.

[1] We should observe here that the "lives of Homer" by Plutarch, Porphyrius, Proclus Diadochus, Suidas, and three anonymous, are all fictitious. The Christian fathers mention Homer.

[2] See Appendix I.; *Anthol. Pal.* ii. 715.

[3] See Appendix I.; *Anthol. Pal.* ii. 715.

We cannot but think that had he lived to read the ious *Prolegomena* of F. A. Wolf, published in 1795 A.D., would have modified his opinions.

Wolf endeavours to show that the two great Epics re handed down by oral recitation to the year 550 B.C., ing which period they naturally underwent many rations. In that year, he thought, they were com- ted to writing, and received further additions and rations. He proves, as we think, that the Iliad and yssey were not by the same author. He does not, eed, deny the existence of an inspired poet called mer, who wrote most of the lays, which, he ught, were afterwards collected, and, with more or skill and success, moulded into a harmonious whole. The main propositions of Wolf's great work have n accepted by most of the later commentators, and m the basis of modern criticism. Yet the old faith in

face to the Iliad,[1] quoted by Professor Jebb,[2] Wolf shows how truly he sympathised with the indignation aroused by his anatomical dissection of the sacred body of Homer. "As often," he says, "as I immerse myself in that stream of action and narration which flows with even course down its prone and liquid bed; whenever I reflect how uniform is the colour which permeates these lines, no one could be much more angry with me than I am with myself."[3]

It is said of Villoison — whose publication of the Venetian Scholia furnished Wolf with the chief arguments for his theory—that he could not contain his indignation against the audacious assailant of his idol, nor the regret he felt at having unwittingly furnished him with his keenest weapons.

We are warranted in supposing that the events related in the Iliad and Odyssey—in so far as they are historical—took place before the Dorian migration of 1100 B.C., and therefore at a time when the Peloponnesus was ruled by Achaian kings. The migration of the Dorians, who are only once mentioned in the Epics,[4] drove the Ionians, who inhabited the north and east coasts of the Peloponnesus, Megaris, Attica, and Eubœa, from their old homes in Greece to Asia Minor, where their minds and manners were greatly modified and softened by Oriental influences. The Ionians before their expulsion were probably the old pre-Hellenic, or

[1] Page xxii.

[2] In his admirable "Introduction to the Iliad," so succinct, and yet so exhaustive.

[3] See Appendix II.

[4] Od. xix. 177.

ısgian population, Hellenised by the Achaian con-
rors.

The kernel of the Iliad, or "The Primary Iliad," was
bably written by a poet called Homer, residing, as
e think, in Thessaly, before the emigration of the
ans to Asia Minor, to which no allusion is made in
Epics.

It is true, indeed, that Homer was regarded as a
t of Asiatic Ionia, and, as we have said above, many
s in that country contended for the honour of being
birthplace.[1] But Professor Jebb has shown that the
opean origin of his poems may be reconciled with
Asiatic.

The Thessalian poet having composed the Primary
l in Greece, took it with him to Ionia, where it
ived large additions, and underwent such important

The Odyssey, too, was probably written before the Dorian migration, and taken, like the Iliad, to Asia Minor, where it was greatly modified. It was not by the author of the Primary Iliad, from which it differs considerably in language, in general tone, and in the pictures it presents of divine and human life. It is, in short, far more Ionian and far more modern than the Iliad, and far better adapted to Ionian tastes—to their love of maritime adventure, and their keener sympathy with the wily and resourceful character of Odysseus. Yet the poet who enlarged the Odyssey may have written some of the interpolations in the Iliad; there is a great similarity between "The Return of Odysseus" and Books IX. and XXIV. of the Iliad.

The fact of the different authorship of the two grand Epics was recognised at a very early period by Xenon and Hellanicus; and in modern times it has been very emphatically affirmed by the illustrious German scholar and critic, Gottfried Hermann. "That the whole Iliad and Odyssey," he says, "were not written by the same poet appears to me so beyond all doubt, that I should think that the man who disputed it had not carefully read the verses." The Odyssey, however, is far more of one piece than the Iliad, and was evidently put together by one man. The main additions are the so-called "Telemachy" in Books I.–IV., the latter part of Book XXXIII., and the whole of Book XXIV.

One of the many marvels of Homer's Epics is that with them Greek literature, as far as it has come down to us, begins with these works of unrivalled grandeur and beauty. The splendid constellation rises suddenly

the horizon, apparently without forerunners, without y warning portents visible to our eyes. We know thing of the stages by which epic poetry reached the ight of perfection in which we find it in Homer. e know, in fact, nothing of it but what we learn from omer himself. We hear, indeed, of what some regard earlier poets, under the names of Orpheus, Musæus, d Linos,[1] but these names are entirely mythical, and poems ascribed to them in antiquity, and of which me fragments remain, are apocryphal and forged. omer himself speaks of the *κλέα ανδρῶν*[2] ("the glories heroes"), lays in celebration of the many brave men o lived *ante Agamemnona;* and we must believe that ere existed in pre-Homeric times a number of mystic ets who sang in the service of religion and in praise the deeds of mighty warriors.

The Cyclic poets—so called because they related in

therefore, rose, as has been well said, "in a firmament already lustrous," but all other luminaries paled their ineffectual fires before the great sun of poesy, and are lost in the dark night of oblivion.

The dialect in which the Primary Iliad was written was no doubt Achaian, whatever that may mean ; whether the earliest Ionian, or the Pelasgic. This ancient dialect underwent great changes in the direction of Asiatic Ionian and Æolian, of which latter the Iliad and Odyssey show many unmistakable traces.[1]

The strongest proof, perhaps, of the existence of still earlier epic bards is the exquisite perfection of the metre and rhythm of the Iliad and Odyssey. Metre—the general laws of rhythm—must have been cultivated for many ages, and by no inconsiderable poets, before it could acquire the ineffable beauty and grace of Homer's versification.

Another Homeric question of great interest and no little difficulty is concerning the value of Homer as an historian. We have seen reason to believe that the most important parts of both Iliad and Odyssey were written before the Dorian conquest. The old Achaian civilisation was destroyed by that event, to which there is no allusion in either of the Epics. The polity and the social life which Homer describes is essentially pre-Dorian. He is the faithful echo of traditions older than himself, and he is evidently describing a state of transition in which Oriental luxury and rude and squalid barbarism existed side by side. He gives us the history of his Present and the hoary remains of a still older Past.

[1] Mr. Munro, "Journal of Philology," ix. 252.

The Women of Homer

We are naturally inclined to attribute to the great
ds which have achieved distinction in any one sphere
almost universal knowledge. It is not surprising,
efore, that Homer, who is above all things a poet,
uld have been hailed by his worshippers as historian,
grapher, theologian, moralist, orator, and physician.
ancient Greeks rightly regarded him as their first
orian, but they took an exaggerated and utterly un-
ble view of the historic accuracy of his writings.
n appealed to his authority to settle a dispute with
Megarians. Herodotus and Thucydides regarded his
ons as real, and hardly questioned the accuracy of
facts. Yet Thucydides[1] exercised criticism. He was
aware that the poets who sang the great deeds of
fathers were not to be implicitly trusted. Pindar,
though he thinks the songs of Homer immortal,
ys that they contain exaggerations. "I think," he

like instinct and supported him under his arduous and exhausting labours.

In one very important sense, Homer is one of the greatest, as he was the first, of Greek historians; for without him we should know nothing of the heroic period of Greek history. He opens for us a vista through the dark clouds of the past—a vista of ineffable charm and beauty. In page after page we see the blessed gods,[1] seated on their thrones on the bright summit of Olympus, quaffing their nectar, listening to Apollo's lyre and the choir of the muses, or indulging in inextinguishable laughter at the clumsy Hephaistos ladling out the nectar, and bustling with halting steps through the radiant palace of his father Zeus. He brings before us in bright array wise counsellors "like Zeus in wisdom," majestic heroes "equal to Ares" in strength and prowess, and lovely women like the slim and graceful Artemis and "golden" Aphrodite. In the Iliad we witness the death-struggle of brave warriors, we hear the rattle of clashing armour, the triumphant shouts of victors, and the despairing cry of the vanquished and the dying. In the Odyssey we watch the passage of the much-enduring, patient Odysseus through perilous adventures by sea and land, and his hairbreadth escapes from angry gods and enchanted monsters—the Cyclopes, Scylla, and Charybdis—and from the gentler but no less dangerous enchantments of Circe and Calypso, until we see him safely landed in Phæacia, and received with generous hospitality by Alcinous and his wise and beautiful consort Arētē, and by the lovely Nausicaa, the pearl and flower of maidenhood.

[1] Od. vi. 42; Lucretius, iii. 18; Appendix IV.

All this is history, and very important history—a story of opinions, life, and manners; but it is not story in the same sense as the writings of Herodotus d Thucydides.

What, then, in Homer, are we to take as history, and hat as fiction? We are told with the same certainty at the Greeks spent ten years in the siege of Troy, that chilles slew Hector by the aid of Athene, and that iomed overthrew Ares in battle and wounded Aphro-te. Are all these statements true, or none of them? ascal said: "Homer wrote a romance; for nobody n believe that Troy and Agamemnon had any more istence than the golden apples of the Hesperides. e had no intention to write a history, but only to nuse us."

This is the very extreme of scepticism. Yet Homer s above all things a poet whose imagination was

Dorian monarchs; while the tender beauty of the golden flower on a silver stalk, picked up near a grave at Mykenæ, bears witness to their taste and skill in decorative art, and to the beauty and splendour of their regal mansions.

The Homeric poems are woven out of three main threads — real events as groundwork, skilful arrangement, and pure fiction. Epic poetry must always rest on a basis of great events; but the Greek ῥαψῳδοί, like the Troubadours and the Minnesänger of the Middle Ages, dressed up real events, and gave them the form and colour best calculated to strike the fancy and to please the ear of a courtly audience. The lively Ionian was peculiarly fitted by his restless, roving imagination, and his national loquacity, to invent such tales, and to gather them from the "yarns" of Phœnician sailors, adventurous travellers and merchants.

The limits we have set to this introduction to our proper subject forbid us to discuss at any length the interesting question of the place of Homer as a historian. We must, however, also speak of him, very briefly, as a geographer, for his title to that character has been very warmly upheld, not only in ancient but in very recent times.

That very popular, but hardly very trustworthy, writer, Ampère, tells us that Homer, Æschylus, and Pindar "*s'assujettissaient à faire de la nature un portrait ressemblant; les poètes de la décadence semblent trouver au-dessous d'eux cet esclavage du vrai; dans leur liberté stérile, ils ne tracent que des descriptions vagues.*" He also speaks of Homer's geographical "*fidelité dont le voyageur est frappé aujourd'hui.*"

Mr. Leake, the highly distinguished traveller and chæologist, thought that the Ithaca of to-day corre-onds to that of the Odyssey, except that it is not w covered with forests. He was much struck by e epithet *πολυτρήρωνα* (abounding in doves) applied Thisbe, and he brought away two pigeons from kolia, which he took to be the ancient Thisbe, as ular proofs of Homer's extraordinary accuracy.[1] Mr. odwell, in his "Classical and Topographical Tour rough Greece," writes in the same strain. Choiseul-uffier, the great French diplomatist, who combated e views of Wolf, used the Homeric Epics as guide-oks, and discovered the nook in Mount Ida where ris reviewed the three goddesses and gave judgment favour of Aphrodite; and also the spot where Zeus s deluded by the wiles of Hera and Hypnos.

It is very remarkable how slight are the foundations

tially meagre and vague, and for the most part fashioned after a preconceived idea, a fixed and arbitrary canon. We may fairly say of Homer what Winckelmann says of the Archaic artists: "*Donnant sans ménagement dans l'idéal, ils travaillèrent d'après un système généralement adopté, que d'après la nature; ils s'étaient fait une nature particulière.*" Homer had in his mind the type of an island, a mountain, a river, after which all these objects, when he mentions them, must be moulded. Almost every mountain is σκιόεν or αἰπύ; the islands of Calypso, Circe, and Phæacia are all woody; all ships are swift and well found; all rivers are broad and clear. We can understand that the Nile[1]

STATUETTE OF APHRODITE.

[1] Od. iv. 477.

uld be descended from Jove; but the Xanthos, the rcheios,[1] and the stream in which the lovely Nausicaa shed her clothes, are all likewise *διπετής*. A great ny rivers—the Axios, the Enipeus, and others—are he most beautiful on earth."[2] To Homer, as to chil-n and most poets, the last seen person or natural ject is the grandest or most beautiful.

Homer's ideas of distance would be very strange in great traveller, or even in one who had heard much foreign countries from others. Thus he tells us that nelaos, on his return from Troy to Sparta, came from great a distance that "even a bird would spend a r on the way." He calls the distance from Lesbos Pylos, and even to Argos, long,[3] and speaks of the yage of Telemachos as bold and perilous.[4] Penelope , is astonished that her sister, married in Thessaly, uld undertake the long journey to Ithaca to see her.[5]

the island of Calypso, the floating island of Æolus, and the gardens of Phæacia. In speaking of Ithaca his statements are vague and contradictory. He tells us very truly that it is a rugged country, unfit for horses, but good for goats. But in other passages he speaks of it as a "rich land,"[1] bearing corn and wine in abundance, and covered with flocks. We learn, too, that it is capable of supporting eighteen mighty lords, with property enough to aspire to the hand of Penelope.

The mistake he makes in representing Poseidon as viewing the plains of Troy from the heights of Samothrace, in spite of the intervening island of Imbros, is surprising; but perhaps we ought to remember that a god might see an object at any distance and through any obstacle!

Homer is a poet; and though a great historic event has been rescued for us by him from the dark waves of oblivion, though some of the actors on his stage may have really existed, their characters and their actions are drawn from the inexhaustible resources of his fruitful genius.

[1] Od. xix. 399.

CHAPTER II

THE WONDERLAND OF HOMER

THE moment we enter the wonderland of Homer we tread enchanted ground, we mingle with a god- company. His imagination teems with the popular les of a preceding age. We see the giant of fable in Cyclopes and Briareus; the witch with her magic ve in Circe. We see the magic wand of Athene, the gic girdle of Aphrodite, the wonder-working herb of rmes, the shoes of Hermes, the sword of Poseidon, song of the Seirens, the thinking-ships of Phæacia,

Aphrodite." They have flowing hair or braided locks, white arms, lovely cheeks, and beautiful ankles. They are all sweet and amiable, loving and tender, and they move across the resplendent stage, the everlasting types of all that is most enchanting in the women of all succeeding ages.

Nor is it only kings and heroes and princely dames who are adorned with honorific epithets. Odysseus's faithful swineherd, Eumæos, is called *ἀρίγνωτε*[1] (far-famed) and *δῖον*[2] (divine). Even the hated murderer, Ægisthus, is called *ἀμύμων* (blameless), and Menelaos speaks of Deiphobos, one of the lovers of his wife Helen, as *θεοείκελος* (godlike).

This ennobling and purifying process is extended to what we call the lower animals, and even to inanimate objects. All the horses have beautiful manes and outstrip the winds. Some of them are descended from the gods and are immortal; they talk and weep and even prophesy.[3]

In external nature all is serene and beautiful. All the dawns are rose-coloured, all the sunsets pure and glorious. The banquets are all rich and joyous, the wine is old and honey-sweet,[4] and "fit for the table of the gods." And as the joyous revellers satisfy their hunger with delicious food and quaff the "flashing" wine—"the marrow of men"—from golden cups, they listen with delight to the inspired, melodious song of the sacred minstrel.

Into Homer's claims to be also theologian, moralist,

[1] Od. xvii. 80.
[2] Od. xxi. 8.
[3] Il. xix. 405.
[4] *Μελιηδὴς ἡδίποτος.*

tor, physician, and surgeon, our limits will not allow to inquire. Theologian he was in a very practical l emphatic sense, since he created the Olympian gods, l influenced the faith of the most gifted of mankind centuries. Some writers see a close affinity between Epics and the Hebrew Scriptures, and this view is vocated by Mr. Gladstone and many learned German merologists. The Christian fathers, as we know, used him of framing fables from the works of Moses.[1] to, followed by Plutarch, pretends that Homer pos- sed all the knowledge of more civilised ages; and old Stoic, Crates, made him author of treatises astronomy, medicine, and geography. Plato found gorical meanings in Homer's writings, and the neo- tonists of the third century A.D. discovered in them ir own strange, mystic doctrines. The Stoics claimed n as one who valued virtue alone and scorned all

readers in all ages and nations have been the noblest of mankind. Plato thought so highly of the Epics that he burnt his own verses, in despair of rivalling the glorious hexameters in which Homer describes the contest between the river Scamander and Achilles.[1]

His own countrymen acknowledged him as the founder of Greek civilisation; as the great spiritual father of the illustrious poets, philosophers, historians, and orators who succeeded him. He was revered and imitated by Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Socrates,[2] Plato, Aristotle, Zeno, Chrysippus, Democritus, and Anaxagoras, by Hesiod, Herodotus, and Thucydides, Xenophon[3] and Demosthenes,[4] and Æschines, Moschus, Theocritus, Antipater Sidonius. The last of these calls him: "Herald of the valour of heroes and the fame of blessed prophets, second sun to the life of Greeks, immortal splendour of the muses."[5] Dio. Chrysostom.[6] says: "Homer, the first and middle and last for every child and man and greybeard."

According to Athenæus,[7] Æschylus used to say that his own tragedies were "the best slices from the rich banquet which Homer had served up." He drew from his great master not only the kernel of the heroic myths,

[1] Il. xxi. 234.

[2] Socrates said, "I admire Homer most of the epic poets."—Xenophon, *Mem.* i. 43.

[3] Xenophon mentions Homer several times in his *Memorabilia* and *Symposium.*

[4] Plato was called the Homer of philosophy. Dionysius Halicarnassus says that Demosthenes imitated Homer. *Cf.* Verb. 24, *Ars Rhetor.* 10, 19; Longinus, *Subl.* cap. 13, 14, 36.

[5] Appendix V.

[6] *Orat.* 18.

[7] 8, 39. For the dependence of tragedy on Homer, *cf.* Welcker, *De Epico Cyclo*, and Nitzsch, *Die Sagenpoesie der Griechen.*

t also the ideal picture of the heroic age. The same y be said of Sophocles, who has been called "Poeta *ιηρικωτατός*." To some writers "Sophocles alone med a real disciple of Homer; he alone sipped the endour of his verse, whence he was called *Μέλιττα* e bee)."[1] Nor was it only by his immediate country- n that the influence of Homer was felt. It was ing to the fame of his works that the Greek language l literature, and with them Greek arts and modes of ught and life, were so widely spread in Italy, in Asia, ecially India, and in Carthage, where Hannibal wrote commentaries in Greek.

Dio. Chrysostom. tells us that when Philip of Macedon ed his son Alexander why he read Homer so con- ntly, he replied: "Not every poem suits a king, any re than every dress. Other poems may give good

"scenes from Herodotus," and Hermophantus scenes from Homer. Timomachus relates that Stesander was the first to sing the lays of Homer at Delphi, beginning with the Odyssey.

The ancients thought that noble works could only be achieved under the influence of higher beings. Democritus taught that Homer had received a divine nature; that divine things could only come from a divine soul. Plato[1] declares that *ἀμουσία* (Muselessness) differs little from godlessness, and describes the *ἄμουσον* and *μισολόγον* as akin to the lawless, godless Cyclopes and Centaurs. Pindar,[2] too, says: "He whom Zeus does not love shrinks back from the song of the Muses." Milton, we know, had a somewhat similar conviction: "No one should presume to sing of heroes and famous cities unless he has in himself the experience and the practice of all that is praiseworthy."

We need hardly point out the mighty influence of Homer on the greatest minds of Rome. Without the Iliad we should not have had the Æneid of Virgil, nor indeed any other of his works. Horace holds him up as the great pattern for all poets.[3] Lucretius speaks "semper florentis Homeri" as "sceptra potitus."[4] Propertius says: "Nescio quid majus nascitur quam Iliade" (I know nothing greater than the Iliad), and Cicero[5] agrees with him.

Quintilian found the elements of all the arts in the works of Homer; and at a later period, in the

[1] *De Rep.* iii. 313. [2] *Pyth.* i. 25; *Isthm.* iv. 37. [3] *Ars Poet.* 148.
[4] iii. 1050. [5] See Appendices VII. and VIII.

ndects of Justinian, where we should least expect to
l poetic enthusiasm, Homer is called "Pater omnis
utis."

It is indeed difficult to contemplate the image of
mer without a feeling akin to adoration, when we
sider the unspeakable blessings, the glorious privi-
es, he has conferred upon us. He first expressed
l widely diffused that spirit of freedom and self-
pect which distinguishes the West from the East.
him we owe the Greek tragedians, and in fact
that is best in Attic literature. He created the
ls who formed the models for the inimitable works
Grecian sculpture. He inspired the noblest of the
man poets. To him we owe the mediæval Renaissance,
French classical tragedies of Corneille and Racine,
l very much that is best in Dante and Tasso, in Shake-
are and Milton, in Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, Herder,

scholar and critic, Julius Cæsar Scaliger (born on Lake Garda in 1484 A.D.), who preferred Virgil to Homer (the moon to the sun), and Seneca to Euripides. Although the greatest of Latinists, he was not so great a Grecian, and was essentially French in his literary perceptions and tastes. "Homer," he says, "is a country wench, Virgil a noble matron; the one is lead, the other gold; the first a mere ballad-singer, the second a true and sublime poet: Homer a shapeless chaos, Virgil the divinity which informed it with life and beauty."

The works of Homer naturally attracted the chief attention of the leaders of the Renaissance, and the admiration they caused did the most to encourage the enthusiastic study of Greek literature.

Dante places Homer in limbo, but speaks of him as "Poeta sovrano"—

"Che sovra gli altri com' aquila vola."

Tasso said that no poet "came nearer to eternity" than Homer, who is more secure from opposition and malevolence than the summit of Olympus from the winds and storms.

At the end of the seventeenth century A.D. there existed a whole school of French Zoïlists, and among them many able and popular writers—La Mothe, St. Evremond, Fontenelle, St. Hyacinthe, Terrasson, and Cesarotti. On the other side, as defenders of Homer, we find Boileau, Gacon, Madame Dacier, and others. Boileau's caustic epigram is well known:—

"Clio vint l'autre jour se plaindre au Dieu des vers,
Qu'en certain lieu de l'Univers,

The Women of Homer

On traitait d'auteurs froids, de poètes stériles
  Les Homères et les Virgiles.
'Cela ne saurait être, on s'est moqué de vous,'
  Reprit Apollo en courroux
Ou peut on avoir dit une telle infamie?
'Est-ce chez les Hurons, chez les Topinambours?'
'C'est à Paris.' 'C'est donc dans l'Hôpital des Fous?'
'Non; c'est au Louvre en pleine Académie.'"

Cesarotti, who translated Homer, is quite amusing his self-conceit: "La traduzione poetica diede al ntimento un torno piu conveniente."

Paolo Beni of Padua greatly preferred Torquato Tasso Virgil, and Ariosto to Homer: "Ma perche abastanza r aventura, si e mostrato che il nostro Torquato nell' a del perfetto Capitano et Eroe, meriti ampia lode n restar di non poco superiore a Virgilio, e di gran ngo parimenti ad Homero."

she should utter such a wish to her familiar comrades, and to them alone? It is well, perhaps, that we do not hear the confidential whispers of even the most modest of maidens to their friends and their maids. If this speech is unmaidenly, what shall we say of Rosalind, that exquisite creation of Shakespeare, who, after seeing Orlando for a few minutes, when he threw the great wrestler Charles, calls him to her, gives him a chain, and says, "Sir, you have wrestled well, and thrown more than your adversaries;" or what shall we think of her still bolder utterances in the 4th Act, Scene 1, of "As You Like It"?

The great scholar Heyne is more just:[1] "Miror verecundiam Homericarum versuum, qui pro illa ætate castissimi sunt" (I wonder at the modesty of the Homeric verses, which, for that age, are most pure).

The wonder is that there should be so little in Homer's lines to shock our moral sense. They are purity itself compared with the filthy stuff which passes current for literature in the plays and novels of the present day in France, and alas! in England too. People who read Zola and the Diabolist poets of France will find little—too little, they will think—to shock them in Homer. With the exception of the Episode in the Eighth Book of the Odyssey, of which the grossest part (ver. 333–343) is rejected by many commentators, there are but few passages in Homer which can wound the most delicate sensibility. There is no trace in Homer of the loathsome vices which polluted the Greeks of the classical period, no lubricous fauns or satyrs. There is

[1] *Ad Homerum*, viii. 405.

attempt on the part of the poet to inflame the imagi-
ion or to corrupt the heart; nothing that lowers our
pect for the man, and we may safely say that no one
s ever the worse for reading his works.

But while we may easily exonerate Homer from the
putation of grossness and sensuality, we must admit
t there are traces in his lays of the rudeness, and
casionally of the brutality, of an age anterior to
own.

The reverend spouse of Priam, Hekabe, speaking of
hilles, says: "One whose inmost vitals I were fain to
ten and feed upon."[1]

So Achilles, in answer to Hector's piteous prayer for
nourable burial: "Entreat me not, dog, by knees or
rents! Would that my heart's desire could so bid me
self to carve and eat raw thy flesh, for the evil thou
t done me."[2]

the hearts of the utterers by the direst agony, and the sense of intolerable wrong. We may forgive a father and a mother for being driven to madness by the slaughter of a son, and that son a Hector!

There are, indeed, other signs of a barbarism which contrasts strangely with the general civility of manners and courtly grace.

Athene, under the assumed form of Mentes, tells Telemachos that the "goodly" Odysseus goes to Ephyra to ask Ilos, son of Mermeros, for a deadly drug with which to smear his bronze-shod arrows," and adds: "But Ilos would in nowise give it him, for he had in awe the everlasting gods; but my father, Anchialos, gave it him, for he bare him wondrous love." [1]

Telemachos, generally considerate and affectionate to his mother, is on some occasions harsh and rude.

In reply to Athene, as Mentes, who asks him whether he is the son of Odysseus, he answers: "My mother, indeed, saith that I am his; for myself I know not; for never man yet knew, of himself, his own descent." [2]

The admiration accorded to Homer's Epics in the past has been fully maintained in modern times. They have stood the test of the most searching criticism of the most enlightened nations. They remain, after 3000 years, the study of our youth, the delight and solace of our age. As the boys of the grand period of Greek history were trained by Homer, so now his works form a chief study of the children of the ruling classes in England, and still more so in Germany.

Our Milton speaks of him in the same strain as the

[1] Od. i. 260. [2] Od. i. 215.

blest of the ancients, as the father of all kinds of poetry tragedy, comedy, ode, and epitaph :—

> "And varied measured verse,
> Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes;
> And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
> Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer called,
> Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own."

hol. Alcibiad. (I. cap. 1, ed. Tur. p. 916, B. 33) says: Homer, to whom Apollo himself lent his bow."[1]

Herder and Lessing were zealous Homerologists, and was from them that Goethe derived his knowledge of e great poet, and his enthusiastic admiration and love his works. Herder says that Homer was for a long riod "the source of all divine and human wisdom, the eat centre of Greek and Roman literature."

Goethe, in his beautiful domestic epic, "Hermann

The Opinions of Goethe and Schiller

Although Goethe was no great Greek scholar, he was so imbued with the spirit of Homer that all his utterances about the great poet are of the highest interest. This is warmly acknowledged by the illustrious philologian Hermann, who calls him "Spiritus Graiæ tenuis Camenæ Germanis monstrator."

"While reading Homer," says Goethe, "I feel as if I were in a balloon, raised far above all earthly things, poised in the intermediate space, between heaven and earth, where gods flit to and fro." And again: "The gods of Homer do not wander from star to star, but from mountain to mountain."

According to Lavater, it was Goethe who uttered the well-known fine and pregnant words, when looking at the bust of Homer in the Vatican: "Dieser ist der Schädel, worin die ungeheuren Götter und Heroen eben so viel Raum finden, als im weiten Himmel" (This is the skull in which the mighty gods and heroes found as much room as in the wide heavens).

Goethe sought refreshment and repose in the calm bright world of Homer: "What mean all this pain, this pleasure? Let us take refuge in the world of Homer's poetry. The spirit must have some relief under the weight of this ruffled, crinkle-crankle life" (krausverworrenen Lebens). "Even to this very day the songs of Homer have the power, at least for a few moments, to free us from the fearful burden of the knowledge, experience, and speculation, which thousands of years have laid on our weary shoulders . . . and to let us sip the dew of the early morn of creation."[1]

[1] *Ethisches*, Abth. 5.

The Women of Homer

Goethe strove to give additional zest even to his vourite pastime, skating, by connecting it with Homer's erses. He recited a curiously applicable passage in the dyssey describing Hermes, the swift messenger of the ods, putting on his sandals[1]: "Straightway he bound eneath his feet his lovely golden sandals that wax not d, that bare him alike over the wet sea and the limitss land swift as the breath of the wind."[2]

[1] Appendix X.

[2] Od. v. 44.

CHAPTER III

THE MAGIC OF HOMER

WHENCE then this magic influence of Homer's lays over all the noblest and highest spirits of every age and clime? How is it that, after two thousand years of Christianity, his gods are still, to a certain extent, *our* gods, the gods of our poetic fancy?

Schiller, in his *Picolomini*, makes Max and Thekla express this truth in beautiful language: "Deeper significance," says Max, "lies in the fables of my childhood's years than in the truths which life teaches us" (Tiefere Bedeutung liegt in den Mährchen meiner Kinderjahre, als in der Wahrheit die das Leben lehrt). And again—

> "Fable is the home of Love."
>
> "Die Fabel ist der Liebe Heimatwelt."
>
> "Jove still brings all that is great,
> And Venus all that is fair."
>
> "Und jedes Grosse bringt uns Jupiter
> Noch diesen Tag, und Venus jedes Schöne."

It is in age, when we begin to look back with regretful longing to our lost childhood, that we feel all the charm of this purest representation of the infancy of the human race. Whence then, I repeat, this irresistible fascination, by which child and sage—the earliest and the latest ages

the world—are equally enthralled? The answer is ong one, for the sources of the charm are numerous d manifold.

In the first place, Homer has no forerunner known us; he is absolutely original; our attention is not tracted and confused by a multitude of competitors. the next place, he wielded, with full mastery, the most rfect and beautiful language which the mind of man s ever conceived, which only the ancient Greeks uld invent or use—a language of infinite strength, xibility, and grace; and of that language, a dialect—e Ionico-Æolic—peculiarly suited by its union of soft-ss and strength for the epic verse of Homer, majestic, rmonious, and picturesque.[1]

Again, he found ready to his hand a perfect metre d rhythm, formed by the experience and practice of

understand and sympathise with the characters he draws so clearly, because they are so like ourselves; not the dressed-up counterfeits we present to the world, but what we know ourselves to be. We delight in his picture of the simple patriarchal life, with its entire freedom from all affectation and hypocrisy, all attempt to simulate or dissimulate emotion.

When Odysseus goes down to Hades and converses with the shades of the glorious dead, Achilles eagerly asks for news of his son Neoptolemus. Odysseus answers: "When the best and bravest of the Argives were about to enter the belly of the Wooden Horse, 'which Epeios constructed for the ruin of Troy,' then did the other princes and counsellors of the Danaans wipe away their tears, and the limbs of each one tremble beneath him; but never once did I see thy son's fair face wax pale, nor did he wipe the tears from *his* cheeks."[1]

Achilles, that mighty man of valour, weeps in his tent for the loss of Briseis, his slave; and in his mourning for his friend Patroklos, he pours black ashes on his head and grovels in the dust, "tearing his hair with both his hands."[2]

Patroklos weeps over the havoc which Hector is making in the Achaian ranks, and Achilles compares him to "a fond little maid who runs crying by the side of its mother, begging to be taken up."[3]

The royal Priam sat in the midst of his sons and daughters, wrapped in his cloak, "and on his head and neck was much mire, which he had gathered in his hands as he grovelled on the ground."

[1] Od. xi. 526. [2] Il. xviii. 22. [3] Il. xvi. 7.

Priam and Achilles weep copiously together in the
nt of the latter,[1] the one for the loss of his son, the
comparable Hector, the other at the mention of his
ed father Peleus, whom he was never to see again.

It would never occur to Priam to play the Stoic, and
say with Anaxagoras, "I knew that my son was born
mortal."

In the Odyssey, Odysseus and his hardy crew are
rpetually weeping over their manifold misfortunes by
nd and sea.

Another phase of the frankness with which they give
nt to their feelings is their unconcealed egoism, which,
hough we control it by higher motives, is natural to
men.

Agamemnon[2] says to Teukros, "I will give you a
ize, first after myself." So Odysseus, having shot

And, again, to the Phæacians he says: "I avow myself far the most excellent of all the mortals that are now upon the earth."[1]

Hector speaks of himself as φαιδίμος (glorious) Hector.

The almost childlike simplicity (naïveté) of Homer's characters is further shown in what we should consider an entire want of reticence and discretion. The Phæacian king Alcinous, on his first meeting with Odysseus, before he knew who he was or whence he came, breaks out with the extraordinary wish, "Would to Father Zeus, and Athene, and Apollo! would that so goodly a man as thou art, and like-minded with me, thou wouldst wed my daughter, and be called my son, here abiding."[2]

Another prominent trait of Homer's character — a trait common to all primitive people—is the immense value set on food and drink.

We read that Menelaos stirs the hearts of his hearers by reminiscences of the lost Odysseus: "Argive Helen wept, and Telemachos wept, and Menelaos, the son of Atreus; nor did the son of Nestor keep tearless."[3] But soon the son of Nestor rouses them: "And now," he said, "be persuaded by me, who for one has no pleasure in weeping *at supper time.*"

So during the terrible interview between the aged Priam and Achilles, when the former ventures into the Achaian camp to beg for the body of his glorious son. After copious weeping, Achilles says: "But now let us think of our meal; for even Niobe thought of eating when she had wept herself tired over her twelve children."[4]

[1] Od. viii. 221.
[2] Od. vii. 311.
[3] Od. iv. 183.
[4] Il. xxiv. 601.

The Women of Homer

Odysseus in his dire anxiety—just rescued from a
rible death by the nymph Ino Leucothea and the
iden Nausicaa—even on his first arrival at the palace
Alcinous, is entirely dominated by the desire of food.
There is nothing," he cries, "more shameless than a
vening stomach, which biddeth a man perforce be
ndful of it, though one be worn and sorrowful of
rit; yet evermore it biddeth me eat and drink, and
keth me utterly forget all my sufferings, and com-
ndeth me to take my fill."[1] In another place the
me Hero says: "Nay, as for me, I say there is no
re gracious and perfect delight than when a whole
ople makes merry, and the men sit orderly at a feast
the halls and listen to a singer; and the tables by
em are laden with bread and flesh, and a wine-bearer,
awing the wine, serves it round, and pours it into the

honour he had shown him at the banquets of the chiefs: "I honour thee, whether in war . . . or at the feast, when the chieftains of the Argives mingle in the bowl the gleaming wine of the counsellors.[1] For even though all the other long-haired Achaians drink only one allotted portion, thy cup standeth ever full, even as mine, to drink as oft as thy soul biddeth thee."

Another very marked trait in Homeric society is the ardent love of property, the eagerness to acquire. When Athene checks Achilles, who, in his blind fury at the loss of Briseis, is drawing his sword to slay Agamemnon, she tells him that he shall one day receive splendid gifts, three times the value of his captive maiden.[2] And when he reluctantly consents to restore the body of Hector to his suppliant father, he is evidently influenced by the splendid ransom which Priam brings.[3] He thinks it necessary to apologise to the shade of Patroklos, and entreats him not to be angry, "*because he had received no mean ransom.*"[4]

Yet Achilles was not always to be softened by rich gifts. When Agamemnon strives to appease his wrath by noble offers of treasure, he tells the envoys: "Not even if he gave me ten times, nay twenty times, all that now is his, and all that may come to him otherwhence, even all the revenue of Orchomenos, or Egyptian Thebes . . . nay nor gifts in number as the sand or dust . . . neither all the treasure that the stone threshold of the archer Phœbus Apollo encompasseth in rocky Pytho; not even so shall Agamemnon persuade

[1] Il. iv. 259 (γερούσιον οἶνον).
[2] Il. i. 213.
[3] Il. xxiv. 138.
[4] Il. xxiv. 592.

soul, till he have paid me back all the bitter pite."[1]

Odysseus is especially remarkable for his love of gifts. en he is landed asleep in Ithaca, his first thought is ide the rich treasure he had brought with him from eacia. "Whither," he wails, "shall I bear all this lth? . . . I know not where to bestow my treasure; I will not leave it here behind me, lest haply other n make spoil of it. . . . But come, I will reckon up se goods and look to them, lest the men be gone have taken back some of their gifts to the hollow os."[2] And when Athene appears to him in the guise young herdsman, his first prayer is: "Save this my stance"! When he goes, in the guise of a beggar, his own palace, and sees Penelope conversing with suitors, he rejoices "that she beguiles their souls draws rich gifts from them."[3]

passion. When she thinks that she must at last yield to the importunity of the suitors, her chief regret is at leaving the house of Odysseus—"this honourable house, so very fair, and filled with all livelihood, which methinks I shall remember aye, even in my dreams."[1]

Telemachos, in the midst of his anxiety about his father's fate, thinks most of the waste which the wooers of his mother are making of his property. In the Assembly of the Ithacans, when he addresses the lord Ægyptus, and bemoans his own sad fate, he says: "First I have lost my noble father . . . and now there is an evil *greater far*, which surely shall soon make grievous havoc of my whole house, and ruin all my livelihood."[2] One of his chief objections to the remarriage of his mother is, that he would have to return the marriage gift to her father, Icarius.[3]

On another occasion he wishes that he had been "the son of some blessed (wealthy) man whom old age overtook among his own possessions; but now I am the son of him that is the most hapless of men."[4]

What strikes us with the greatest admiration in the works of Homer is his unrivalled power of personification. He fills the heavens with gods, and the earth with demi-gods and heroes, so clearly cut, so distinctly characterised, that we hardly regard them as figments of the fancy. He does not merely describe, he paints and chisels them; the work of the sculptor and the painter is half done for them by the poet. Zeus and Hera, Ares, Poseidon, Hephaistos and Apollo, Athene, Aphrodite and

[1] Od. xix. 579.
[2] Od. ii. 46.
[3] Od. ii. 132.
[4] Od. i. 218.

emis, Agamemnon, Menelaos, Achilles, Odysseus, am, Hector and Paris, Andromache, Penelope, Helen Nausicaa, are more real and better known to us than e-tenths of the people with whom we live, of whom see so much and know so little.

It is true that ages passed away in slow prepara- before the sculptor's art attained to the perfection ch poetry had already reached in Homer—before Iliad and the Odyssey could be translated into he. According to the well-known story, Pheidias, greatest of artists, derived the central idea of his yselephantine statue of Zeus at Olympia from the atest of poets. Being asked from what model he formed his Zeus,[1] he quoted the famous lines of mer (Il. i. 527) :—

"He said, and nodded with his shadowy brows,

is hidden from our eyes, but he speaks to us from the inner sanctuary of the gods of nature.[1] In this respect he differs from Shakespeare, of whose inner nature and life, of whose joys and sorrows, of whose love and hatred, of whose high deep thoughts and childlike simplicity, of whose fiery trials and sordid struggles, of whose brilliant hopes and deep despair, we *do* learn much from his Tragedies and Lyrics.

And Homer differs still more widely from most modern poets, who continually obtrude themselves upon the canvas ; who, when they scale Parnassus, are thinking of the crowded plain below, and of the reception they will meet with there—of the smiles and the embraces, the feasts and the music, the wine-cups and the garlands which await them.

One of the greatest vices of modern literature is the boastful display of the subjective feelings of the author. It is a positive relief, too, to be freed in Homer from all abstract and metaphysical terms ; to listen to him as an old man listens to the simple prattle of a child.

Very remarkable is the beguiling power—noticed by Pindar and Horace—with which he makes us accept, not only without reluctance, but with the greatest delight, the most audacious and impossible tales of gods and giants, sorcerers and witches, miraculous transformations, thinking ships, talking horses, and moving and

[1] Among the curious tales about Homer invented by the commentators of a later age is the well-known riddle: "Homer asked some young men whom he saw returning from fishing, how many fishes they had caught. They replied, '*ὅσ' ἕλομεν λιπόμεσθα ὅσ' οὐκ ἕλομεν φερόμεσθά*' ('What we caught we left behind. What we did not catch, we have brought away')."

thless statues of gold. Horace[1] beautifully expresses fascination—

"Semper ad eventum festinat et in medias res,
Non secus ac notas auditorem rapit . . .
Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepat imum."

"He hurries to the crisis, lets you fall,
Where facts crowd thick as if you knew them all.
. . . . . .
Truth blent with fiction in one motley scheme,
He so contrives, that, when 'tis o'er, you see,
Beginning, middle, end alike agree."

The task of thus making us swallow with content and sure the most improbable tales is rendered easier to mer because he draws no hard and fast line between s and men, nor indeed between men and the lower nals.[2]

Heroes Kindred of the Gods

The heroes are the sons of gods or goddesses, and even when not half divine by descent, they are "like" or "equal to the immortals"—

> "Kinsfolk of gods, not far from Zeus himself,
> Whose is the altar to ancestral Zeus,
> Upon the hill of Ida, in the sky,
> And still within their veins flows blood divine."[1]

When a stranger asks hospitality in the name of Zeus the Protector (ἱκετήσιος), his hosts are often in doubt whether he be man or god. The gods, and even Zeus, are joined in love with mortal heroines,[2] and goddesses mate with human heroes." The "rosy-fingered Dawn"[3] took Orion for her lover; the fair-tressed Demeter, the hero Iasion;[4] Aphrodite, Anchises;[5] Calypso and Circe, the goodly Odysseus. In their encounters with mortals the gods are not always victorious. Poseidon and Apollo built the walls of Troy for Laomedon for a stated wage, which, when the walls were reared, he refused to pay.[6] Diomed wounds Ares and drives him from the field. He also attacks Aphrodite and wounds her in the hand;[7] and when she goes for sympathy and aid to her mother, Dione,[8] the latter reminds her that many of the gods had suffered wrong at the hands of mortals.

The mightiest of the gods assume not only the form of men, but of beasts and birds, and even inanimate objects. Zeus, the great Lord of heaven and earth, in

[1] Plato, *Rep.* iii. (Davies and Vaughan's translation), supposed to be from the "Niobe" of Æschylus.
[2] Il. ii. 513.
[3] Od. v. 121.
[4] Od. v. 124.
[5] Il. ii. 820.
[6] Il. xxi. 452.
[7] Il. v. 334.
[8] Il. v. 384.

Don-Juan-like roving becomes a bull, a swan, and
a shower of gold. Athene repeatedly assumes the
man form, either to aid and protect, as in the case
Odysseus, or to deceive and destroy, as in the last
test between Hector and Achilles before the walls
Troy.[1] At other times she appears as an eagle,[2] an
ey, and a falcon (ἀρπη[3]). After urging Odysseus
he slaughter of the suitors, she flies up to the rafters
he murky hall, in fashion like a swallow flies, and
e sat down.[4] So Thetis sprang down from Olympos
a falcon, bearing new armour for Achilles. Apollo
Poseidon take the shape of the same bird.[5]

In the Iliad and Odyssey man's immeasurable supe-
ity has not yet led him to the reflection by which
gulf between the thinking mind of man and the in-
ct of the speechless brute is opened and continually

manger;[1] the Myrmidones swarm like wasps; the Ajantes are like two wine-dark mules struggling at the plough over rough ground.[2] The Trojans flee before Achilles like locusts before fire,[3] and Athene inspires Menelaos with the boldness and fury of a fly.[4] The plague of flies in Arcadia was so great that the people of that country erected special altars to Zeus *ἀπόμυιος*, the Fly-averter.[5]

Horses were especially loved and cherished. We find no cavalry in the Greek or Trojan army, and no riding on horseback, except where Diomed, after his nocturnal raid into the Trojan camp, sprang upon a horse and "sped to the swift ships of the Achaians."[6] We have indeed mention of what we should call a circus-rider who leaps from horse to horse while they fly along.[7] Riding is more common in the Odyssey.[8] Very remarkable ideas respecting the horse are to be found in the Iliad. The immortal horses of Achilles are hardly to be controlled by a mere mortal hand, but submit to him, "whom an immortal mother bare," and to Patroklos, whom the noble steeds respected and loved as the dearest friend of Achilles. Automedon says to Alkimedon, "What other Achaian had like skill to guide the spirit of immortal steeds save only Patroklos, peer of gods in council, while yet he lived?"[9] These divine horses, Xanthos and Balios, "that fly as swift as the winds; the horses that the harpy Podarge bare to Zephyros, the west wind, as she grazed on the meadow

[1] Il. vi. 506. [2] Il. xiii. 703. [3] Il. xxii. 12.
[4] Il. xvii. 570. [5] Pausanias, v. 14, 1. [6] Il. x. 510.
[7] Il. xv. 684. [8] Od. v. 371. [9] Il. xvii. 476.

y the stream of Okeanos."[1] So Boreas, the north wind, ecame the sire of the horses which Aineras inherited om a long line of ancestors: "These, when they ounded over the Earth, the grain-giver, would run upon e topmost ripened ears of corn and break them not," nd "they would run upon the crests of the breakers the hoary brine."[2]

The very cattle are brought into close relationship ith deities. The kine and flocks of Helios in the island Thrinacia "have no part in birth or in corruption, nd there are goddesses to shepherd them, nymphs with ir tresses, Phaethusa and Lampetie, whom bright Neæra are to Helios Hyperion."[3]

The Homeric Greek was surrounded by divinity, and eld close communion with his gods—

"When, whereso'er he moved

Contrast between Greeks and 'Barbarians'

What a contrast between the Greek of Homer, living in free and happy intercourse not only with his fellow-men but even with his gods,[1] who shared in his feasts and listened to his prayers—and the Egyptian or Assyrian of the same age, struggling in his political and hieratic bonds, the hopeless slave of priests and tyrants.

[1] *Φιλοπαίγμονες καὶ οἱ Θεοί.*

CHAPTER IV

POSITION OF WOMEN IN THE ILIAD AND ODYSSEY

N the foregoing pages we have endeavoured to describe the circumstances, the material and moral atmosphere, in which Homer's characters lived and moved, order to form, as it were, a suitable frame for the vely female portraits which his vivid imagination and s plastic genius painted, for the wonder and delight all succeeding ages.

It is hardly necessary to point out that in the primi-

must include the goddesses—so thoroughly human, so terribly feminine are they—bear witness to his godlike power of creating eternal types. They vary greatly, of course, in form and character, but all are so clearly defined, so harmoniously consistent with themselves in word and action, that they represent not only the beauty, the grace, and the sweetness of the women of all ages, but also their meanness, their folly, their artifice and treachery, their unbridled passions, and even their desperate cruelty and wickedness. In the main, however, the women of Homer, reared in simple patriarchal surroundings, their inclinations controlled by the sanctity of family life, are amiable and well-behaved, eminently moderate, and correct in word and action. The lady of Homer is the true lady of all times and nations.

Indications of the patriarchal simplicity of the Homeric age meet us at every turn. Paris, a wealthy and accomplished Trojan prince, to whom three of the greatest goddesses appeal as a judge of female beauty, was a shepherd. Princesses and even goddesses go out of the city to draw water from the wells.[1] The Princess Nausicaa washes her own clothes in company with her maidens, "treading them down with their lovely feet." Great kings and heroes slay the sheep and oxen with their own hands, and cook their flesh. Even goddesses —Hera and Athene—yoke the horses and prepare their food.

In the two grand Epics—the one devoted to scenes of war, the deeds of mighty heroes and immortal gods; the other to the bold adventures and the terrible suffer-

[1] Od. x. 105.

of Odysseus, one of the foremost of Achaian chiefs—
cannot expect to find frequent mention of little
dren.

As in all early uncorrupted ages of the world, chil-
n were regarded as blessings sent as a favour by the
s.[1] Dione, the mother of Aphrodite, threatens Tydides
childlessness for daring to fight against the Im-
tals: "He is not long-lived that fighteth with the
nortals; nor do his children prattle upon his knees
is return from war and the terrible fray."[2] Niobe
elated even to madness by the glory of having given
n to twelve children, and spoke with contempt of
, who had only two.

n India childlessness was punished by the loss of
nal happiness, and was regarded as shameful in
na. There was a strange superstition in Greece that

NIOBE AND HER YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

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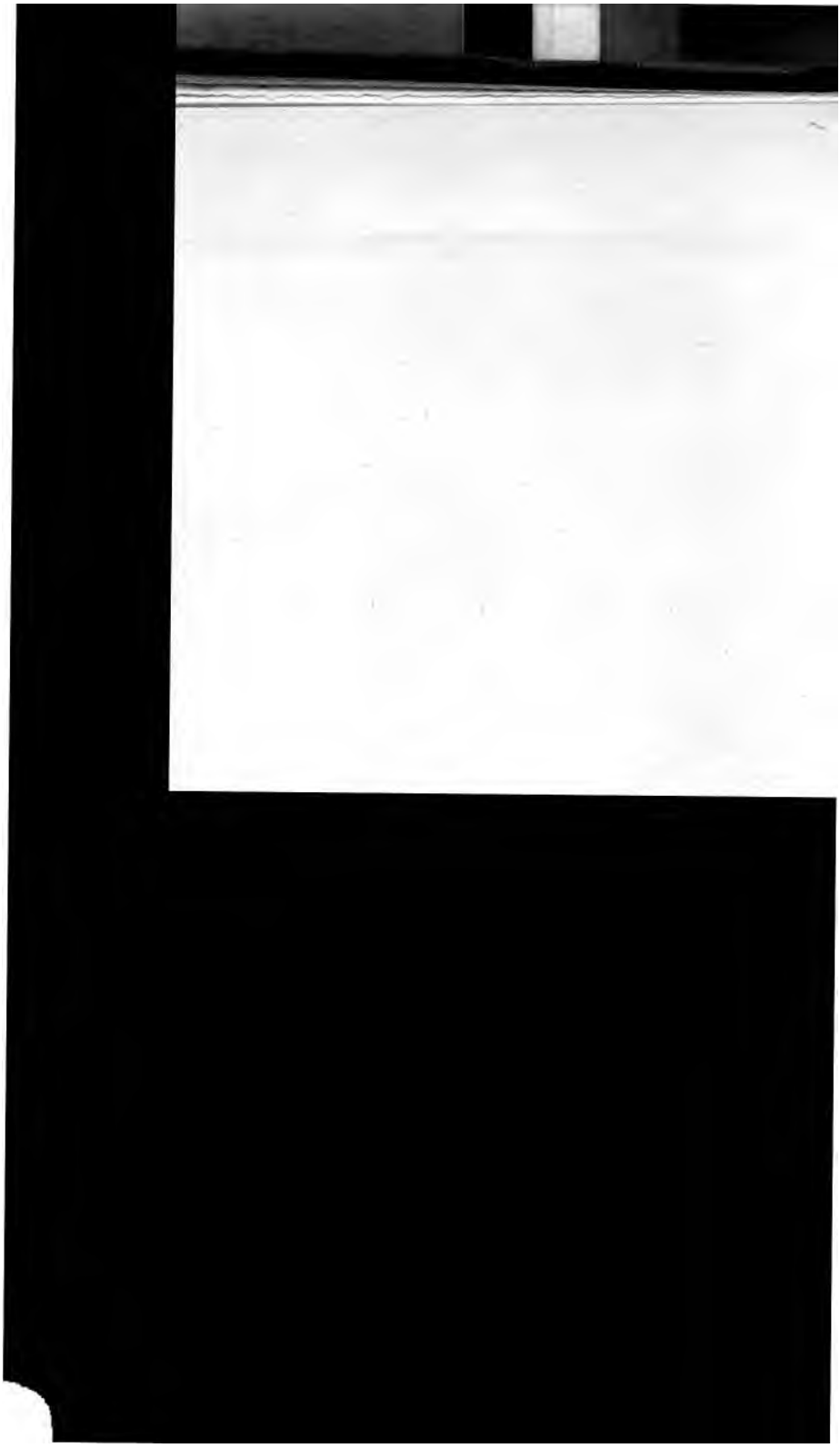

from Menelaos, she does so "as a mother driveth a fly from her child that lieth in sweet slumber." [1]

Andromache, in her piteous wail over the corpse of her gallant husband, thinks sadly of the future of her little son Astyanax: "The day of orphanage sundereth a child from his fellows, and his head is ever bowed down and his cheeks are wet with tears. In his sore need the child seeketh his dead father's friends, plucking this one by the cloak, and that one by the coat, and one of them that pities him holdeth his cup a little to his mouth and moisteneth his lips, but his palate he moisteneth not. And some child, unorphaned, thrusteth him from the feast with blows and taunting words: 'Out with thee! no father of thine is at our board.' Then weeping to his widowed mother shall he return, even Astyanax, who erst upon his father's knee ate only marrow and fat flesh of sheep, and when sleep fell on him and he ceased from childish play, then in his nurse's arms he would slumber softly nestling, having satisfied his heart with good things." [2]

At the birth of a child the *Εἰλείθυιαι μογοστόκοι* (the goddesses of the birth pangs), daughters of Zeus, stood at the mother's side with consolation and help. Children were often nursed by their own mothers, and notably so in the case of Hector and Telemachos.[3] Nurses, however, were in common use. The great goddess Demeter, during her wanderings in search of her daughter Persephone, hired herself to Metaneira to bring up Demophoon.[4]

[1] Il. iv. 130. [2] Il. xxii. 490. [3] Il. xxii. 83; Od. xi. 448.
[4] *Hym. Cer.* 101, 218, 236.

The Women of Homer

We may easily imagine what the children of the utiful Greek race would be when we see into what eliness they afterwards developed. Their mothers yed that they might grow up like golden Aphrodite beauty and charm, and like Athene in wisdom and l in handiwork.[1] The education of the girls was of simplest. They grew up in the apartments of the her, from which all that was foreign was excluded, learned from her, without any formal intellectual ning, all that seemed necessary for their future career modest bearing, skill in needlework and in the nagement of a household, and, above all, in rever- e for the gods, and some knowledge of sacrificial ges. Their early years were full of play and mirth. he description of the shield of Achilles, we read that e maidens and the striplings, in childish glee, bare the

strong and enduring. The feeling of the wrecked Odysseus at the sight of land is compared to the joy of children at the recovery of a father "who lies in sickness and strong pains."[1]

When Priam ventures into the Grecian camp and the tent of the terrible Achilles, the slayer of his son, he appeals for mercy in the name of Peleus, the dread hero's father: "'Fear thou the gods, Achilles, and have compassion on me, bethinking thee of thy father.'[2] Thus spake Priam, and stirred within Achilles desire to make lament for his father. . . . And as they bethought them of their dead . . . Achilles wept for his own father . . . and their moan went up through the house."

Odysseus' mother dies of regret for his absence; when he sees her shade in Hades, she says: "It was my sore longing for thee, and for thy counsels, great Odysseus, and for thy loving-kindness, that reft me of sweet life."[3]

In the well-guarded sanctuary of her home the Greek maiden bloomed in the hereditary beauty and stately grace of her richly endowed race.

In his Nausicaa, the daughter of the Phæacian king Alcinous, Homer gives us a perfect picture of the Greek girl in the springtide of her youth and beauty.

Nausicaa was the Greek maiden *in excelsis*, and no English girl, reared by wise and loving parents in a country home, as yet untainted and unsoured by the jealousies, the rivalries, and the heart-aches of a London season, ever stepped from her bower into her garden

[1] Od. v. 394. [2] Il. xxiv. 504; *cf.* xix. 334. [3] Od. xi. 200.

ore lovely, fresh, and joyous than this fair daughter of cinous.

But carefully as we see that the Homeric maiden was ared in reverent obedience to her parents, and in piety the gods, we must not suppose that she was, like the omen of the East, immured in walls, or subjected to e rigid surveillance of jealous duennas. She enjoyed greater freedom in the heroic than in the later classi- period, and was in all respects superior to the Attic l of the fifth and fourth centuries B.C.

Great stress is laid on the joys of dancing, in which e maidens joined with the youths. Thus in the relief the mighty shield which Hephaistos made for hilles, we find the representation of a joyous dance:

lso did the glorious lame god devise a dancing place, e to that which, in wide Knossos, Daidalos wrought for

take to them their garments. Then let the divine minstrel, with his loud lyre in hand, lead off the measure of the joyful dance.' . . . And the divine minstrel took the hollow harp and aroused in them the desire of sweet song and the happy dance. So the great hall rang round them with the sound of the feet of dancing men and fair-girdled women."

Hermes falls in love with the beautiful Polymede,

A DANCE.
From a relief in the Phigaleian Room, British Museum.

"fair in the dance," when he beheld her among the singing maidens in the choir of Artemis.[1] Hector, communing with his own soul whether he should go and conciliate Achilles, decides, "This is no time to dally with him from oak-tree or from rock, as youth and maiden hold dalliance with one another."[2] The skilful dancer

[1] Il. xvi. 180. [2] Il. xxii. 126.

evidently in high repute, and outside the walls of
there was a monument to "the bounding Myrine,"
nous dancer.[1]

The women of Homer were very careful to observe
convenances of their sex and station. They might
in in the room when their husbands received
gers, but they were always accompanied by their
dant maids.

Helen, restored to husband and home in Sparta,
ne forth from her fragrant vaulted chamber, like
nis of the golden arrows; and Adraste set for her
well-wrought chair, and Alcippe bare a rug of soft
, and Philo a silver basket."[2] So Andromache,
in her dread anxiety about the fate of Hector, does
omit to call on her maidens to follow her to the
:[3] "Come two of ye this way with me, that I may

numerous words significant of beauty, as εὔμορφος, εὐειδής (fair in form), καλλιπάρηος (with beautiful cheeks), καλλίστερνος (beautiful breasted), καλλιβλέφαρος (with beautiful eyelids), καλλιπλοκάμος (with beautiful locks), καλλίσφυρος (with beautiful ankles), καλλίπηχυς (with beautiful elbows), &c.

We see this love in the story of Helen, whose entrancing and bewildering beauty electrified the bloodless old Trojan sages, as they sunned themselves on the walls of Troy, "like grasshoppers that sit on a tree and utter their lily-like (delicate) voice."[1] "When they saw Helen coming to the tower they softly spake winged words to one another: 'Small blame is it that Trojans and well-greaved Achaians should, *for such a woman*, long time suffer hardships; marvellously like is she to the immortal gods to look upon."

Nor did they only appreciate the loveliness of *women*. Altars were raised to youths whose beauty seemed to them a godlike thing. The "golden-throned Dawn" snatched away Kleitos "for his very beauty's sake, that he might dwell with the Immortals."[2] The Greeks were astonished at the beauty of Hector's corpse: "And other sons of the Achaians ran up around, who gazed upon the stature and marvellous goodliness of Hector."[3] So, at a later period, the Greeks admired the beauty of the dead Masistos.[4]

The marvellous beauty of Endymion—"the ever-sleeping"—drew down Selene (the moon) from the skies at night, "that she might kiss him unobserved."

[1] Il. iii. 150.
[2] Od. xv. 250.
[3] Il. xxii. 369.
[4] Herod. ix. 25.

The Women of Homer

The exquisite sense of perfection of form revealed to
in the works of Greek sculptors, which we admire
n in copies, attest the love of beauty which penetrated
soul of the artists and inspired them with a godlike
er. As we should expect in a people only lately
rging from barbarism, the woman was chiefly prized
her personal charms—her beauty of face and form,[1]
fair cheeks and sparkling eyes.

When Agamemnon is called on to resign Chryseis to
father, he expresses his extreme reluctance, saying:
prefer her to Clytemnestra, my wedded wife, for in no-
is she inferior, neither in favour, nor stature, nor
nor skill."[2]

But it was not only for their fair persons that women,
even goddesses, were prized. The great goddess of
lom, Athene, wove her own garments, and instructed

at a web, famous through all antiquity, on which the war of the Greeks and Trojans was skilfully depicted. So Penelope, "whom Athene endowed beyond all women with knowledge of handiwork," was busy for years upon the splendid shroud for Laertes with which she deluded the suitors, telling them that she would marry one of them when it was finished.[1]

Eurylochos reports to his chief Odysseus that, on his arrival "at the fair halls of Circe, there was one that fared before a mighty web, singing a sweet song." So Hermes, the messenger of Zeus, when he goes to Calypso's island to set Odysseus free, finds the crafty Nymph within the house "singing with sweet voice, as she fared to and fro before the loom and wove with a shuttle of gold."[2]

[1] Od. ii. 101.

[2] Od. v. 61.

CHAPTER V

MARRIAGE

would be a mistake to conclude from the high position held by some of the great ladies we have mentioned—Andromache, Penelope, Helen, and Arētē—that there was anything like equality between the sexes. The women of Homer had really no *rights*, and their position is entirely defined by the will and the requirements of man. The influence of the woman over her husband is purely personal. Man's will is absolute, but he listens

many oxen to their parents), "maidens of costly wooing."[1]

A common epithet applied to a woman was ὠνητὴ (purchased), who might be either one bought from her father, or a slave. Raids were continually made to capture women, who were regarded as the most precious booty. The woman thus acquired in war was called δουρικμητὴ (gained by the spear). Achilles boasts: "Twelve cities of men have I laid waste from shipboard, and from land eleven. . . . I was wont to watch out many a sleepless night, and pass through many days of battle, warring with folk for their women's sake."

We see that brigandage, the chief objects of which were the women, was highly honourable, and formed the chief occupation of the highest classes. The process was a simple one—the men were put to the sword, the women carried off as booty. "The prize," says Hector, "which Achilles doeth battle for, will be our city and our wives."

The marriageable girl or widow was, in fact, put up to auction. Telemachos says of Penelope: "My mother has divisions of heart, whether to abide here with me, respecting the bed of her lord and the voice of the people, or to go straightway with whomsoever of the Achaians that woo her in the halls, is the best man, and *gives the most bridal gifts*.[2]

[1] Very different from the custom of the Romans! Chremes (Terence, *Heauton-Timoroumenos*, act iv. sc. 7) complains that he has to find some one to marry to his daughter, to whom he may give his property:—

"Quam multa justa injusta fiunt moribus!
Mihi nunc relictis rebus inveniendus est,
Aliquis labore inventa mea cui dem bona."

[2] Od. xvi. 77; xx. 335; xxi. 162.

phidamas, whom Agamemnon slew, gave a hundred for his wife, and promised "thereafter to give a thou- goats and sheep together."[1] So Peleus "wedded ris, on a time, for her beauty, and brought gifts of ing past number."[2]

Penelope on one occasion taunts the suitors with r meanness, and tells them that "those who wish for od lady ought to bring with them oxen of their and goodly flocks, and a banquet for the friends he bride, and give splendid gifts."[3] Sometimes, ever, as in the days of chivalry, a man might win ride by *heroic deeds* and *personal merit.*

Othryoneus, who came to defend Troy against the aians, sought to gain the hand of Cassandra, "the st of Priam's daughters," without gifts of wooing, nising to drive the Achaians out of the land of Troy.[4]

husbands or masters. They could be offered as prizes for the victor in athletic games. In those which Achilles celebrated in honour of Patroklos, we read that he brought forth prizes from his ships, "caldrons and tripods, and horses and mules, and strong oxen, and *fair girdled women*, and grey iron."[1] One of the prizes for the charioteers was a woman skilled in handiwork, "a noble prize"[2]; and the consolation prize in the wrestling match was also *a skilled woman, valued at four oxen*.[3]

Dependence on the man was the lot of the woman during her whole life, and there was no escape. From the tutelage of her father she passes into the hands of her husband, who has absolute power over her. The word πόσις meant master as well as husband. When he dies, the grown-up son succeeds to his father's rights. Telemachos, for instance, *could* have given his mother[4] to any one of the suitors, and was well aware of his power; but he was restrained from exercising it, partly by affection and partly by more mercenary motives. To Antinoos, who urges him, he says: "It can in nowise be that I should thrust forth from the house, against her will, the woman that bare me and reared me."[5] And he adds: "Moreover, it is hard for me to make heavy restitution to Icarius" (Penelope's father), "as needs I must if, of my own will, I send my mother away."

If her husband was slain in battle, the widow became the slave of the conqueror, however high her previous

[1] Il. xxiii. 260. [2] Il. xxiii. 264. [3] Il. xxiii. 705.
[4] Od. ii. 113. [5] Od. ii. 132

k may have been. Hector paints in the gloomiest urs the condition into which the high-born princess romache must fall, when he shall no longer be near rotect her. "Yea, of a surety," he says, "the day l come for holy Ilios to be laid low. . . . Yet doth anguish of the Trojans hereafter not so much trouble neither Hecabe's own, neither King Priam's, neither brethren's, the many and brave, . . . as doth *thine* uish, in the day when some mail-clad Achaian shall thee away weeping, and rob thee of the light of dom. So shalt thou abide in Argos, and ply the n at another woman's bidding, and bear water n fount Messeis or Hypereia, being grievously tor-ted."[1]

No doubt the fact that the captive women were often noble and even royal lineage rendered the relations

golden Aphrodite," is a striking instance of this. Achilles had slain her father and her two brothers, and had taken her from her home by force. Yet she is evidently attached to him; and when the envoys of Agamemnon come to lead her away, their parting is a sad one; she goes with them "all unwilling," and Achilles "wept anon." [1]

BRISEIS AND AGAMEMNON.

When Patroklos is slain, she mourns for him with the most affectionate regret, chiefly because he had promised to make her Achilles' wedded wife and prepare a marriage feast for her among the Myrmidones. [2]

The entire dependence of the woman on her husband, or the master, was never forgotten by either of them. Andromache, the dearly-beloved of Hector, quietly submits to his rebuke, after their last sad meeting on the walls. In piteous terms she entreats him not to meet Achilles before Troy. In reply, he bids her not to meddle with warlike matters: "Go to thy house, and see to thine own tasks—the loom and the distaff—and bid thy handmaids ply their tasks; but for war

[1] Il. i. 346, xix. 132.

[2] Il. xix. 282.

ll men provide, and I, the chief of all men who dwell
lios."[1]

Among the eminent slaves mentioned in the Epics
Eurymedusa, who reared Nausicaa; Iphis, daughter
Enyeos, king of Scyros, a slave of Patroklos; Alcippe,
handmaid of Helen; Hekamede, daughter of the
t-hearted Arsinoos; Autonoe and Hippodameia,
es of Penelope.[2] Perhaps the most instructive
mple of the position to which a slave might attain
hat of the wise and thoughtful Eurykleia, the nurse
Telemachos, and the trusted friend and confidante
Odysseus and Penelope. She was a woman of
le lineage, daughter of Ops, son of Peisenor,[3] whom
rtes, the father of Odysseus, had bought for twenty
n while as yet she was in her first youth. Laertes
respected her, although she was his bondwoman,

servile condition and absolute dependence. When she comes to the upper chamber of her mistress, "laughing aloud," to tell her that her dear lord was within, "and her knees moved fast for joy, and her feet stumbled one over the other," she finds Penelope asleep. On awaking, Penelope treats her as a mad woman, and harshly chides her: "Get thee down and back to the women's chamber, for if any of the other maids of my house had brought me such tidings, and awakened me from sleep, straightway would I have sent her back right rudely, but old age shall stand thee in good stead."[1]

The case of Eurykleia was, no doubt, an exceptional one, and slavery must have had its hardships and its inevitable demoralising effects. "Thralls," says Eumaios, the goodly swineherd, "are no more inclined to honest service, when their masters have lost their dominions; for Zeus of the far-borne voice takes away the half of a man's virtue, when the day of slavery comes upon him."[2]

The female slaves in a Greek household were divided into several classes, according to their different qualities and abilities. The majority seem to have been employed in handiwork of various kinds. All the garments were made in the house, for the use of the family, or to be laid up in store as presents for guest-friends and strangers. The hardest work performed by women was that of grinding at the mill and drawing water.

[1] Od. xxiii. 20.

[2] Od. xvii. 352. *Cf.* Aristoph. *Vesp.* 1337: Τί δ' ἔστιν ὦ παι; παιδα γὰρ κἂν ᾖ γέρων καλεῖν δίκαιον ὅστις ἂν πληγὰς λάβῃ.

The Women of Homer

Although marriage was, as we have seen, a matter purchase and barter in the world of Homer, it was lently considered as an honourable estate, and no- ere do we find more pleasing pictures of conjugal ction and family life. Odysseus says: "He that reth away from his wife for a single month in his ched ship, fretteth himself when wintry storms and furious sea imprison him." The same hero, when plicating the mercy of Nausicaa, offers up a prayer her: "May the gods grant thee a husband and a ne, and a mind at one with him; for there is nothing ler than when man and wife are of one heart and d in a house, a grief to their foes, and to their friends t joy; *but their own hearts know it best.*"[1]

So Achilles, in his bitter lament at the loss of Briseis, indignantly: "Do the sons of Atreus alone love

all regarded as faithful husbands. But observe the difference between what was expected of the woman and the man; between the sad and sober life of Penelope, who, amidst noble, clamorous, and persistent suitors, never ceased to mourn for her absent lord—and that of Odysseus, consoling himself in the bowers of Calypso and Circe! He yearned, indeed, to see "if it were but the smoke leap upward from his own land," and his face was ever turned towards home, for which he refused the offer of immortality with the charming nymph Calypso.[1] "For myself," he says, "I can see nought beside sweeter than a man's own country . . . though he dwell far off in a rich house in a strange land."[2] But he had no scruple, on his wife's account, in remaining seven years with her and one whole year with Circe. We gather from the narrative that his longing to leave Calypso was quickened by the fact that he was rather tired of her, goddess though she was; "for the nymph *no more* found favour in his sight."[3] But no one, not even Penelope, thought of blaming Odysseus for his infidelities. The same conduct on the part of a wife would have been regarded as altogether shameful, and she or her father would be required to return the ἕδνα to the injured husband.[4] The marriage was celebrated as a joyous event with feasting, dancing, and music; and sacrifices were offered to the gods, for the bride was their precious gift. Prayers were made to Aphrodite for her assistance, and the wrath of the virgin goddess Athene was deprecated. Athene tells

[1] Od. v. 134.
[2] Od. ix. 28, 35.
[3] Od. v. 154.
[4] Od. viii. 349.

machos to put all his possessions into the hands
ne most trusty of his maids "till the day when the
shall show thee a glorious bride."[1]

t the wedding of Thetis with Peleus, a mortal
and, all the gods were present, and among them
bus Apollo, with his lyre.[2] On the shield of Achilles
divine artist Hephaistos represented such a πομπὴ
marriage festival.[3] "Beneath the blaze of torches,
were leading the brides from their chambers through
city, and loud rose the bridal song."[4] The mother
ne bride lit the torches, which were borne by ser-
s. Blooming maidens and youths led the procession
dancing chorus, playing on the lute and singing the
nenaios; the bride followed, in gold-embroidered
ment and shining veil, with a myrtle garland on her
. It was customary for the bride to give garments

renowned Menelaos making merry; and among them a divine minstrel was singing to the lyre, and as he began the song, two tumblers in the company whirled in the midst."

The life of the Greek woman in marriage was simple and patriarchal, and, in the highest class, very much like that of the great ladies in the age of mediæval chivalry. They ruled the house, allotted their tasks to the numerous slaves, reared the children, with the help of nurses both male and female, and spent much of their leisure time at the loom and in the fashioning of garments. Even the rich Helen and Penelope had always the *fuseau* in their hands, and felt that there could be no degradation in work, in which nymphs and goddesses and the great Athene herself were proud to excel.

As a natural result of their peculiar marriage arrangements, and the complete ascendency of man, we mark the entire absence of what we call romance and sentimentalism in the Homeric maiden. She quietly submits to be handed over to the highest bidder, and to be transferred from one master to another, as if she were only conforming to a law of nature. It is only in the married woman, who happened to have a husband she could love, —in an Andromache and a Penelope—that we meet with expressions of strong emotion, and even these are restrained by the Greek *αἰδῶς*.

We have already spoken of Briseis. All that we hear of her feelings when she was torn from the arms of Achilles is that she left him "unwillingly"; there were no shrieks, no hysterics; she was a *woman*,

ustomed to see herself disposed of by the arbitrary
and caprice of men. When Hermes comes to the
nd of Calypso with an order to release Odysseus,
ıe shudders" at first, and complains that the great
ls are hard and jealous, grudging that goddesses
uld mate openly with mortals. She instances the
es of Orion and the rosy-fingered Dawn, of Iasion
l the fair-tressed Demeter.[1] But she very soon
overs her equilibrium, and quietly provides Odysseus
h timber and tools to build his raft, and cloth to make
sails, which were to bear him away to her rival
nelope. After bathing him, and clothing him "in
grant attire," she walks with him to the shore, fur-
hes the raft with corn and wine and "a great store
dainties," and causes a warm and gentle wind to
w. She does not accuse him of heartlessness;

Calypso and Dido

"Dixit et os impressa
Moriemur inulta, sed moriamur."

"She pressed to the pillow her lips,
And as she pressed them cried: 'Do I die unavenged on the foe?
Yet let me die! Thus, thus, with joy to the shadows I go."[1]

The lovely Nausicaa, though her heart was strangely moved by the noble stranger Odysseus, never loses her self-control. When he departs she calmly bids him farewell: "Nausicaa, dowered with beauty by the gods, stood by the doorpost of the well-builded hall, and marvelled at Odysseus, . . . and spake to him winged words: 'Farewell, stranger; see that thou remember me in thine own country on a day, for to me first thou owest the price of life.'"[2] There is no tearing of the hair, no thought of suicide. She is not ready, like many a heroine of modern literature, to risk damnation for a single kiss; nor does Odysseus, though evidently moved by the beauty, grace, and sweetness of this noble girl, desire, like the modern German poet, "to tear a pine-tree from a Northern forest, to dip it in the glow of Etna, and to write in letters of flame across the firmament, '*Agnes, I love thee!*'"

[1] Lord Bowen's Translation. [2] Od. viii. 461.

CHAPTER VI

DRESS OF WOMEN IN HOMER

HE love of beauty naturally led to the love of dress, by which that beauty is adorned and heightened. quent mention is made of *δέσματα σιγαλόεντα* (shin- garments), and the value set on them is shown by erous epithets, as *εὔπεπλος* (with beautiful peplos), *νος* (well girdled), *καλλίζωνος* (with beautiful zone), *ικρήδεμνος* (with beautiful veil), *καλλιπέδιλλος* (with tiful sandals). Other terms imply the beauty and

and friezes of the Parthenon, and was much more oriental in its character.[1]

The women of the Iliad and Odyssey wore only one garment, the πέπλος, εἱανὸς, or ἑανὸς, which continued to be worn by the Dorian women down to a much later period. This dress was, no doubt, brought to Hellas by their noble Aryan forefathers from their homes in Asia.

Euripides[2] speaks of the μονόπεπλος Δῶρις (the simple-robed Dorian woman), and derides the Spartan maiden as unwomanly (μηροῖς καὶ πέπλοις ἀνειμένοις); and Ibycus derisively calls them φαινομηρίδες.

The peplos, or heanos, consisted of an oblong piece of the primitive home-made woollen cloth, unshapen and unsewn, open at the sides, and fastened on the shoulders by fibulæ (περοναι), a kind of safety-pin, and bound by a girdle. The πέπλος evidently left the arms bare, as we gather from the frequent use of the epithet λευκώλενος (white-armed). When Athene prepares for battle, she changes her one garment, the πέπλος, for the chiton or tunic of her father Zeus. "She casts down her many-coloured woven vesture, which she herself had made."[3]

The φᾶρος—probably a *linen* garment of Egyptian origin—sometimes takes the place of the πέπλος. While Odysseus is putting on his chiton, the nymph Calypso "donned a great shining φᾶρος, light of woof and gracious; and about her waist she cast a fair golden girdle, and a veil withal on her head." The same words are used of Circe's dress.[4]

[1] See Helbig, Epos, 371. [2] Hekabe, v. 933. [3] Il. v. 732. [4] Od. x. 542.

The Women of Homer

When Hera arrays herself to fascinate her mighty sort Zeus,[1] she girdles her fragrant robe with a zone rned with a hundred tassels (*θύσανοι*).

In later times the simple *πέπλος* gave place to the on or tunic, a Semitic garment with a Semitic name. he Hymn to Apollo we find the expression *ἑλκεχίτωνες* *ες*[2] (the chiton-trailing Ionian women). This change cates Oriental influence, which would, of course, be felt by the more eastern Ionian Greeks.

The noble Greek women also adopted the *train* from East, as we gather from the term *ἑλκεσιπέπλοι* (robe-ling), which Hector applies to the Trojan dames.[3] se who affected dignity of bearing[4] allowed the train he *πέπλος* to drag on the ground behind. The front he dress remained short enough to allow the feet to ear, as we see from the epithet *καλλίσφυρος εὔσφυρος*

"of pure gold, all deftly woven, and each one worth an hundred oxen." But the girdle of girdles was the κεστὸς ἱμὰς (the magic cestus) of golden Aphrodite.[1] The Greeks, with their subtle intelligence, distinguished sharply between beauty and grace or charm. Even Aphrodite had not her full entrancing power without her famous cestus; and with it the stern Hera herself became irresistible—even to her husband.

The tightened girdle naturally made the dress full over the bosom (κόλπος), whence the epithet, so often applied to Homeric dames, of βαθύκολποι (deep-bosomed), or, as some translate it, "with full, swelling bosom."[2] When Aphrodite rescues her beloved son Aineias from Tydides, she covers him with the fold (πτύγμα) of her πέπλος. "About her dear son she wound her white arms, and spread before his face a fold of her radiant garment."[3]

The κόλπος properly denoted the cavity between the two breasts, which, with the top of the πέπλος, formed a receptacle for precious objects, in which Hera hid away the love-inspiring cestus.

Another characteristic article of the dress of Homeric women was the κρήδεμνον,[4] a kind of veil, which, from the epithets applied to it—"glossy" (σιγαλόεις), "glancing" (ἀργῆς), "shining" (φαεινὸς)—must have generally been of linen; but may also have been of silk, and very

[1] Il. xiv. 215.

[2] Il. xviii. 122, 339; Hym. in Cer. v. 186; Æsch. Sept. con. Thebas, 863 (ἑρατῶν ἐκ βαθύκολπων, said of Antigone and Ismene); Il. vi. 467. See fig. on Francois Vase, Abth. 25.

[3] Il. v. 314.

[4] Od. v. 346, 351, 373, 459. Also called κάλυμμα, καλύπτρη. The word κρήδεμνον was subsequently only used in *cultus* and poetry.

ch. It is sometimes called *ὀθόναι*. It was, therefore, nerally white, but sometimes dark blue.[1] This cover- g of the head was of Semitic origin, and was used the Orientals to hide the face. The Ionians, in lopting it as a covering for the head, modified it in cordance with their freer customs. They let it fall me way down the back and the sides of the face, hich was left uncovered. This is evident from the equent use of the word *καλλιπάρῃος* (fair-cheeked). a later period, no doubt, the Grecian women did ally hide their faces, as we see in Tanagra figures d on some vases.[2]

Almost the only passage on which those who hold at the *κρήδεμνον* was a veil, in the Oriental sense, rely, that in which the poet tells us that when Penelope me down from her upper chamber to the suitors,

of the wooers were loosened, and their hearts were enchanted with love, and each one prayed that he might be her husband."[1] This could hardly be said if she were closely veiled.

The nearest approach to the Homeric κρήδεμνον in modern dress is the shawl which the factory-girls of Lancashire wear over their head and down the sides of the face.

The Homeric women had no garment answering to the χλαῖνα, or cloak, which the men wore over the χιτὼν, or tunic. But as the men, when preparing for action, threw off this upper garment, so the women cast off their mantle-like κρήδεμνον for freer movement, or under the strong excitement of grief. Hekabe, wailing for Hector, "tore her hair and cast far from her her shining veil."[2] When Nausicaa and her maidens, having washed the clothes in the divine stream, are about to dance and sing and play at ball, "they cast off their tyres (κρήδεμνα) and begin the song."[3]

We have more difficulty in forming a clear notion of other ornaments of the head. The Epics make no mention of garlands of fresh flowers. Hesiod, indeed, at a later period, says that the Hours crowned Pandora with flowers.[4] But Homer often speaks of metal ornaments for the head—the στεφάνη (coronal), and the ἄμπυξ (head-band or snood), of which the στεφάνη was the larger and higher. We find the epithets ἐυστέφανος (of the bright coronal) applied to Alcmene,[5] to Aphrodite,

[1] Od. xviii. 211.
[2] Il. xxii. 407.
[3] Od. vi. 100.
[4] Ἔργα καὶ Ἡμέραι, 72.
[5] Od. ii. 120.

d frequently to Demeter.[1] *Χρυσάμπυξ*[2] is used in the ad only of the golden frontlet of horses; but in the omeric hymns, and in Hesiod and Pindar, it is an ithet of goddesses. Examples of the *στεφάνη* and *μπυξ* have been found by Schliemann and others.[3]

Of much more doubtful interpretation is the *κεκρύ-αλος*. The wretched Andromache, when she first hears Hector's death, "shook off from her head the bright tire[4] thereof, the frontlet (*ἄμπυξ*), the net (*κεκρύφαλον*), d woven band (*πλεκτὴν ἀναδέσμην*). According to rofessor Helbig,[5] followed by Leaf, Lang and Myers, their excellent translation of the Iliad, the *κεκρύφαλος* as a cap-like net, bound by the *πλεκτὴ ἀναδέσμη*, or oven band.

Among the principal ornaments worn by the high-orn Homeric women were the *ἴσθμιον* and the *ὅρμος*.

the nape of the neck over the breast.[1] It is found on clay figures of Astarte, the Phœnician Venus, on old Greek and Etruscan figures, on Tanagra figures, and on others from the Necropolis of Kameiros in Sicily.[2]

Earrings were worn by Homeric dames, as we learn from the description of Hera's toilet: "She set earrings in her pierced ears, earrings of three drops (*τρίγληνα μορόεντα*) and glistening; therefrom shone grace abundantly."[3] The three drops were probably three balls, like the apple of the eye.[4]

Of the *κάλυκες* worn by Hera we have no certain information. Some writers suppose that they were earrings in the form of a cup (calix). They are mentioned among the works of art which Hephaistos fashioned during his nine years' sojourn in the depths of ocean, an exile from Olympos.[5]

The Helikes (*ἕλικες*) are also mentioned only once, in the description of Hera's ornaments. The meaning of the word is much disputed, and cannot be certainly known. As helix (*ἕλιξ*) means "twisted," "spiral," the Helikes may denote spiral ornaments, such as are found in Greece, Italy, and Central Europe.[6]

These *ἕλικες* were probably armlets, or they may have been earrings. Hephaistos, the divine artificer, relates to his wife Charis how Thetis had sheltered him from the ill-will of his "shameless mother," Hera, who wished to do away with him because he was lame; and

[1] Il. xviii. 401; Hym. Apoll. i. 103. See Appendix XIII.
[2] Helbig, 106.
[3] Il. xiv. 182.
[4] Helbig, Epos, 274.
[5] Il. xviii. 401.
[6] Vide Sacken, "*Grabfeld von Halstatt;*" Helbig, Epos, 236; Studniczka, 14, 266.

ow he had lived with her and Eurynome[1] for nine ears, during which he had wrought cunning works of ronze—brooches (*πόρπας*), spiral armbands (*γναμπτὰς λικας*), cups (*κάλυκας*), and necklaces (*ὅρμους*).[2]

Other ornaments mentioned in the Epics are the *ερόνη* and the *ἐνετὴ*,[3] which probably answer to our afety-pins. In the nineteenth book of the Odyssey we ad that Odysseus fastened his thick purple mantle with *περόνη* of gold, with a double covering for the pins, n the face of which was a hound holding a dappled wn in his fore-paws, and gripping it as it writhed. his was no doubt an exceptionally elaborate work, nd more of the nature of a brooch.[4] When Aphrodite as wounded in the hand by Diomed, Hera laughs at r, and supposes that the goddess had torn it on the olden *περόνη* of some Achaian woman whom she was

called πέδιλα, but sometimes ὑποδήματα [1] and ἕιματα. The καλὰ πέδιλα of Menelaos [2] are reckoned among his raiment (ἕιματα). Even the swineherd Eumaios [3] has "fair sandals"; but his position as a slave was a very exceptional one.

Did the Achaians in the heroic age wear gloves? Of these there are but few indications in the Epos, and the authorities give different answers to the question. Casaubon thought that gloves *were* worn. Winckelmann and others take the opposite view. They are not mentioned in the description of Hera's elaborate toilet, but some figures on urns seem to be holding gloves in their hands. Odysseus on his return to Ithaca finds his aged father, Laertes, in his vineyard, "digging about a plant in a filthy doublet, patched and unseemly . . . with long sleeves or gloves (χειρῖδας)," where the word may mean one or the other.[4] On the whole, we think that there is too little evidence in the Epos to prove the common use of gloves.

In Homer, both gods and mortals, male and female, wore the hair long. When Zeus bows his head in confirmation of his promise to Thetis to honour her son Achilles, "the ambrosial locks waved from the king's immortal head." [5] Hera, when making her well-known toilet, "plaits her shining tresses, fair and ambrosial, flowing from her immortal head." [6] The same is said of Athene, Circe, and Calypso.

[1] Od. xv. 369; xiii. 225; xv. 368; iv. 309; Il. ii. 44.
[2] Od. iv. 309.
[3] Od. xiv. 23; xvi. 154.
[4] Od. xxiv. 230.
[5] Il. i. 529.
[6] Il. xiv. 175. Πλοκάμους here means, not locks of hair, but plaited tresses.

The Greek youth wore the hair unshorn up to manod; and Apollo, the great exemplar of eternal youth, called "Phoibos of the unshorn hair" ("φοιβος ερσεκόμης").[1] Achilles, Menelaos, and Odysseus[2] are called ξανθός. On the Attic stage, "golden hair" arked youths of princely blood. Some of the young rriors adorned their hair. Of Panthoos' son, slain Menelaos, it is said that his hair was drenched with ood, and his tresses closely knit with bands of silver d gold.[3] When Athene beautifies Odysseus, that he ay find favour in the sight of Nausicaa, "she caused ep curling locks to flow from his head, like the hyacinth wer."[4] Yellow or auburn hair seems to have been mmon. Demeter, Agamede, and others are called νθὴ (golden-haired).[5] The epithet is applied to Ariadne Hesiod, to Athene and the Graces by Pindar.[6]

rouge. They also attribute the whiteness of her face, "like newly-sawn ivory," to the application of ψιμύθιον (Lat. *cerussa*, white-lead), a word which does not occur in Homer. It is, of course, possible that cosmetics were used by the Homeric ladies, but the passages quoted above are hardly sufficient to prove it. Little spoons have been found in very early Etruscan graves, which probably held rouge, and there are certain indications of its use in the Old Testament.[1]

The Achaians of Homer delighted in strong scents, and the epithet εὐώδης is used of clothes and women's chambers.[2] This taste, too, they derived from their intercourse with the East.

The dress and ornaments of the women of Homer are, as we have seen, very different from those of the classical period of Greek history. We are apt to think of Helen and the Trojan elders on the walls of Troy as clothed very much in the same manner as the old men and the beautiful female forms in the Ionic frieze of the Parthenon. What Homer saw in his age, and what he has depicted in the Epics, was something very different. The elders wore long linen chitons, and over them a richly embroidered mantle, red or purple, contrasting strongly with the white of the lower garment. With regard to Helen's dress, we are justified in supposing that, as a Trojan princess, and wife of Paris, she would wear very much the same attire as Andromache. Andromache, as we have seen, in her despair, on hearing of the death of Hector, tore off the

[1] Ezek. xvi. 9; Judith x. 3; Ps. cxxxiii. 2; 2 Sam. xiv. 2; Dan. x. 3.
[2] Il. iii. 382.

ght attiring of her head, the frontlet (*ἄμπυκα*), the
-like net (*κεκρύφαλον*) and woven band (*πλεκτὴν*
δέσμην), and the veil (*κρήδεμνον*). We may therefore
nk of Helen as arrayed in a coloured peplos, richly
broidered and perfumed, the corners of which were
wn tightly over the shoulders, and fastened together
the *περόνη* or safety-pin. The waist was closely en-
cled by the zone, which was no doubt of rich material
l design. Over her bosom hung the Hormos of dark
l amber, set in gold. Her hair hung down in artificial
its, and on her head was the high stiff *κεκρύφαλος*,
ich we have spoken of above, bound in the middle by
πλεκτὴ ἀναδέσμη. Over the forehead was the shining
τυξ, or tiara of gold; and from the top of the head
the *κρήδεμνον*, or veil, over the shoulders and back,
rding a quiet foil to the glitter of the gold and jewels.[1]
was thus that she appeared on the walls of Troy

Greece and other parts of Europe. They thought that the silver vessels of the sixth century B.C. which have been found are Egyptian and Assyrian, and that, for instance, the traders who carried off Ino brought Egyptian and Assyrian wares to Argos. Quite recently, however, the Phœnicians have found favour in the sight of German archæologists, and especially of those very eminent scholars Professor Helbig[1] and M. Pottier.[2] We agree with these writers that the supposed incapacity of the Phœnicians is hardly to be reconciled with statements in ancient literature. Solomon, we know, made a contract with Hiram, king of Tyre, for the service of Tyrian artificers; and Phœnicians exercised great influence on the decoration of the temple of Jehovah at Jerusalem—even more than the Egyptians. "Everywhere on the Ark of the Covenant, on the old Tabernacle, and on the Temple of Solomon, we find the practice, which was characteristic of this people, of covering the walls with gold sheeting."[3] Aram dealt with the Phœnicians for their various works of art, their carbuncles, corals and rubies, their purple dyes and embroidered linen. The influence of Phœnician art is everywhere seen, and its superiority acknowledged, throughout the Iliad and Odyssey. Many precious works are spoken of as Sidonian, and always with high appreciation of the superior skill employed in their creation.[4]

[1] *Mem. de l'Institut Nat.* vol. xxxv. p. 29.

[2] *Revue d'Études Grecques*, vol. vii. p. 117 (1894). See Appendix XIV.

[3] K. O. Müller, translated by Leitch, 1847.

[4] Il. xxiii. 743: "A mixing bowl of silver chased . . . It was by far the best in all the earth, for artificers of Sidon wrought it cunningly." *Cf.* vi. 290, 291; Od. iv. 614; xv. 118.

The Phœnicians contributed the products of their
ns to the artistic dress of the Achaians; and the
k of the Sidonians is mentioned with the highest
se.[1] When Hector bids his mother make offerings
nitigate the wrath of Athene, Hekabe "goes to her
rant chamber, where were her embroidered robes,
work of Sidonian women, whom godlike Alexander
brought from Sidon." The Sidonian slave of the
of Syria is said to be *ἀγλαὰ ἔργ' εἰδυῖα* (skilled in
ht handiwork).

The home industry of Greece was no doubt quickened
mportations from the East in general, and *not only*
n Phœnicia. With their natural intelligence, the
aians soon began to imitate and to rival the works
ch they imported. The linen garments from Eastern
ntries appealed to the natural love of the Ionians

oil drops off that linen (*ὀθονέων*), so closely is it woven, for the Phæacian women are the most cunning at the loom, for Athene gave them notable wisdom at all fair handiwork and cunning wit."

Nor is it only the art of needlework that the Achaians are seen to cultivate. We read in the Odyssey of Laerkes the *χρυσοχόος* (goldsmith), who gilds the horns of the sacrificial ox.[1] The work of the Carians and Mæonians is also noted with high praise. The blood-stained shapely thigh of Menelaos is compared to the work of some woman of Mæonia or Caria, "who staineth ivory with purple to make a cheek-piece for horses; and it is laid up in the treasure chamber, though many a horseman prayeth to wear it; but it is laid up to be a king's boast, an adornment for his horse, and a glory for his charioteer."[2]

There is no mention in Homer's Epics of *purple* robes for women. But probably this colour is indicated in a passage of the Hymn to Venus[3] (*φαεινότερος πυρὸς αυγῆς*), "more brilliant than the gleam of fire." Eos (Aurora) alone in Homer has saffron robes[4] (*κροκόπεπλος*), a colour which the Greeks adopted from Semitic nations.

When speaking of the works of art of the pre-Homeric period found in Mykenai, Tiryns, and other ancient sites, Helbig divides them into two classes, and says that those which are of finer design and execution are imported, while the inferior works are merely copies

[1] Od. iii. 425. *Cf.* Od. vii. 92; Il. v. 110.
[2] Il. iv. 146. [3] v. 86.
[4] Il. viii. 1; xix. 1. But *cf.* Hesiod, Theog. 273, 358; and Alcman, 74.

ade in Greece itself. The source of these more valu-
le imported works of art, he thinks, is almost exclusively
nœnicia, and says, in so many words, that "what we
w call *l'art Mycenien* should be called *l'art Phénicien*."

This is, we think, too great a reaction from the
merited neglect and contempt with which "*les mal-
ureux Phéniciens*" were treated by the last generation
scholars. There can be little doubt that the Phœ-
cians contributed largely to the objects of art and
xury which were exported from Asia to Greece, and
pecially to the seats of the great Achaian chiefs—
gos, Mykenai, and Tiryns; but not exclusively.
syria, Egypt, Caria, Mæonia, and the Ionian Islands
o sent the productions of their own artists, which
re for the most part brought to Greece by Phœnician
ders.

CHAPTER VII

SOME HOMERIC WOMEN

WE know in our own acquaintance the counterpart of the wise and stern Athene, the unapproachable virgin, mighty in battle, yet skilled in all female handiwork. We know the virgin huntress Artemis, scorner of men—for Homer knows nothing of her weakness for Endymion. We know poor Hekabe, *all* mother, as fierce against the slayer of her darling Hector as a tigress against the huntsman who has robbed her of her cubs. We know Andromache, the loving wife and tender mother, the sad ill-fated spouse of the gallant patriot Hector, the noble gentleman *sans peur et sans reproche.* We have our faithful Penelopes, faithful during long long absence to not too faithful husbands like Odysseus. We have our lovely, laughter-loving Aphrodites, with their powerful spells and baleful wiles. We know, alas! our Helens, with beauty enough to set the world ablaze; whom, though we cannot altogether excuse, we are fain to love and pity. And, above all, we still have in many a country home our true Nausicaas, our stately peerless maidens, fresh, sweet, and innocent, joyous, brave, and true.

The Women of Homer

HERA.

We know our Heras too, proud, vain, treacherous, el and vindictive, full of gibes and scoffs, fretful, ankerous, and quarrelsome. Hera was daughter of nos (Saturn) and Rhea, and therefore sister of Zeus, whom she was also the consort. Her epithets are *ια* (revered), *λευκώλενος* (white-armed), *βοῶπις* (ox-d), *χρυσόθρονος* (golden-throned), &c. Her emblem the peacock, whose tail represented the starry ament.[1] In cosmogony she was considered as the [2] As consort of Zeus, she was looked on as the oness of marriage, and was called *τελεία*, from s (the end or accomplishment), a name given to riage as the acme of life; whence married couples

other gods,[1] with the exception of Athene and her omnipotent Consort; and even him she opposes and thwarts by her artifice and guile. Her power is immense; she hastens the setting of Helios, the sun, against his will and before his time, that the Achaians may be sheltered by the shades of night from the stress of battle:[2] "Then Hera, the ox-eyed queen, sent down the unwearying sun to be gone unwillingly unto the streams of ocean." Her pride is overweening, and she thinks herself the peer of Zeus himself.[3] "I also," she tells him, "am a god, and my lineage is even as thine; and Kronos, the crooked counsellor, begat me to the place of honour, in double wise, by birthright and because I am thy spouse."[4] On these grounds she claims to treat with her omnipotent lord—who by a word could have expelled her from Olympos and consigned her to the depths of Tartaros—on equal terms. How cunning is her hypocritical pretence of moderation and concession! "Therefore," she says, "let us in these things yield to one another, I to thee and thou to me; and let the other immortal gods follow us." Zeus, therefore, has no little difficulty in controlling her. He tells her plainly "there is nothing more unabashed than thou."[5] And again, when reproving Ares, he says: "Thy mother Hera's spirit is intolerable, even Hera; her can I scarcely rule with words."[6]

As her august husband Zeus favours the Trojans at the request of Thetis, he incurs the deadly wrath and

[1] Yet the chryselephantine statue of Hera by Polykleitos was surrounded by the Graces and the Hours.—Pausan. 2. 17.

[2] Il. xviii. 242. [3] Il. iv. 58. [4] Il. iv. 59–62.

[5] Il. viii. 483. [6] Il. v. 890.

sistent opposition of his jealous spouse. After pro-
ing to honour Achilles by the overthrow of Agamem-
and the Achaians, Zeus is in great trepidation lest
ra should hear of his interview with Thetis. The
ıd-gatherer is sore troubled. "Verily," he says to
suppliant goddess, "it is a sorry matter if thou
set me at variance with Hera. . . . Even now she
raideth me ever amid the Immortals, and saith that
id the Trojans."[1] But Hera quickly hears of the
eting with the silver-footed goddess, and pours out
jealous wrath on her unhappy husband: "Now,
among the gods, thou crafty of mind, hath devised
nsel of thee? It is ever thy good pleasure to hold
of from me."[2] Zeus loses patience, and thus makes
standpoint clear to her: "Abide thou in silence,"
says to the ox-eyed queen, "and hearken to my

didst thou enter in and loose him from his bonds, having speedily summoned to high Olympos him of the hundred hands, whom the gods call Briareus, but all men Ægæon, who seated himself by Kronion's side, rejoicing in his triumph; and the blessed gods feared him and bound not Zeus." [1]

On another occasion she tries to rouse Poseidon to fight against her husband. "Did we but will," she says, "we that are confederates of the Danaans, to drive the Trojans back, and withhold far-seeing Zeus, then would he vex himself that he should sit there alone on Ida." She is utterly regardless of the wishes and feelings of her husband, as she plainly showed in the case of Sarpedon, over whose fate Zeus mourns so bitterly. He would fain have saved his dearly-beloved son, but Hera insists on the fulfilment of his destiny. Zeus consoles himself by ordering Apollo to rescue his dead body from the Achaians, and to have it conveyed by the brothers Death and Sleep to his house in Lycia.

Against the weaker gods, who side with the Trojans, she rages with vulgar abuse and even blows. [2] Artemis has reproached her brother Apollo for shunning conflict with Poseidon. Hera hears her, and reviles her with taunting words: "'How now, shameless dog! art thou fain to set thyself against me? Hard were it for thee to match my might, bow-bearer though thou art; since against women Zeus made thee a lion, and giveth thee to slay whom thou wilt. . . . But if thou wilt, try war, that thou mayst know well how far stronger am I than thou;' she said, and with her left hand caught both

[1] Il. i. 396. [2] Il. xxi. 470.

rtemis' hands, and with her right hand took the bow om off her shoulders, and therewith, smiling, beat her n the ears, as she turned this way and that; and the vift arrows fell out of the quiver. And, weeping, the ddess fled like a dove that before a falcon flieth to a llow rock."[1] Although she wearies Heaven and Earth her efforts to give victory and glory to the Argives, r love for them is far feebler than her spiteful rancour gainst Priam and all his race. In reply to her outbreak fury against them, Zeus addresses her with taunting ords: "Good lady, how have Priam and his sons done ee such great wrong, that thou wouldst sack the citadel Ilion? Perchance wert thou to enter the gates and vour Priam and his sons *raw*, and all the Trojans, en mightest thou assuage thy wrath. Remember this, hen I am of eager mind to lay waste a city dear to

counsel, to fare to Ida, when she had well adorned herself. . . . And she set forth to her bower that her dear son Hephaistos had fashioned. . . . There did she enter in, and closed the shining doors. With ambrosia first did she cleanse every stain from her winsome body, and anointed herself with olive oil, ambrosial, soft, and of a sweet savour. If it were but shaken on the bronze-floored mansion of Zeus, the savour thereof went right through earth and heaven. Therewith she anointed her body, and she combed her hair, and with her hands plaited her glossy tresses, fair and ambrosial, flowing from her immortal head. Then she clad herself in a fragrant robe (*ἑανὸν*) that Athene wrought delicately for her, and therein set many things delicately made, and fastened it over her breast with clasps of gold. And she girdled herself with a girdle arrayed with a hundred tassels, and set earrings in her pierced ears, earrings of three drops and glistening; therefrom shone grace abundantly. And with a veil (*κρήδεμνον*) over all, the peerless goddess veiled herself, a fair new veil, bright as the sun, and beneath her shining feet she bound the goodly sandals." [1]

Thus prepared for conquest, she seeks the aid of Aphrodite, whom she deceives by an artful tale. "I am going," she said, "to the limits of the bountiful earth and Okeanos, father of the gods, and Mother Tethys, who reared me in their halls. . . . Them am I going to visit, and their endless strife will I loose." For this pretended purpose she asks Aphrodite to lend her her famous cestus.[2] "Give me now love and desire, wherewith

[1] Il. xiv. 157. [2] Il. xiv. 158, 190.

ou dost overcome all the Immortals and mortal
en; give me thy girdle, wherein are love and desire
d loving converse,[1] that steals the wits even of the
se."

Aphrodite, of course, complies with her request, and
era carries off the precious girdle of grace. But the
ly queen is not yet satisfied. She must have the
l of another mighty potentate. Rushing down from
e peak of Olympos, "she sped over the hills of the
racian horsemen, even over the topmost crests, nor
azed the ground with her feet; and from Mount Athos
e fared across the foaming sea, and came to Lemnos.
ere she met Sleep, the brother of Death, and clasped
s hand and called him by his name. 'Sleep, lord of
gods and men, . . . lull me now, I pray thee, the
ning eyes of Zeus, so soon as I have laid me down

he would have cast from Olympos to perish in the deep, if Night, that subdues gods and men, had not saved me . . . for Zeus is in awe of doing aught displeasing to swift Night."[1]

Hera, however, persists, and offers an irresistible bribe: "Come now, and I will give thee one of the youngest of the Graces to wed, and to be called thy wife, even Pasithea, that ever thou longest for all thy days."[2]

There was no withstanding that, and Sleep, having made her swear by the Styx and all the gods below Tartaros to keep her promise, consents to dare the audacious deed. Then they went together to Ida, "to Lekton, where first they left the sea." Sleep halts before meeting the eyes of Zeus, and hides in the branches of a pine, in the shape of a bird, the *chalkis* or *kymindis*.[3] Hera goes on to the lofty Gargaros, the highest crest of Mount Ida, "and Zeus the cloud-gatherer beheld her."[4]

The rancorous queen attains her object: Zeus falls a victim to her charms, and is lulled to sleep; the Trojans are defeated with great slaughter, and Hector himself is wounded. Yet even when Zeus is most enamoured, he treats his artful spouse with scant respect. Most unseasonably he chooses this opportunity to recount to her, in what has been happily called his "Leporello list," the names of his many loves: "Never once as thus did the love of goddess or woman so mightily o'erflow

[1] Il. xiv. 260. [2] Il. xiv. 266.

[3] Bewick says it was the night-jar. Other ornithologists see in it a kind of swift. [4] Il. xiv. 290.

d conquer my heart; not when I loved the wife of on (Dia), nor Danae of the fair ankles, nor the ughter of Phoinix, nor Semele, nor Alkmene, nor meter, nor Leto, as now I love thee."[1] Even this g list is not complete, as it does not include Leda, emis, Eurynome, Mnemosyne, Europa, Io, Ægina, llisto, Antiope, and others.

But terrible was the awakening of Zeus: "He pt up and stood and beheld the Trojans and haians, those in flight, and these driving them from rear, and among them the prince Poseidon. And ctor he saw lying on the plain, gasping with difficult eath, and vomiting blood." Then he turns upon Hera: Oh, thou ill to deal with, Hera! verily it is thy crafty e that has made noble Hector cease from the fight. y but I know not whether thou mayst not be the

cajoled by his wily consort. He smiles and says: "Of a truth, if thou, O ox-eyed Hera, wouldst hereafter abide of one mind with me, then would Poseidon quickly turn his mind otherwise, after thy heart and mine." The craft of woman, as usual, prevails over the might of man.

CHAPTER VIII

ATHENE

the Theogony, Athene represents light and warmth independent of the sun.[1] Hesiod relates that Æther Hemera proceeded from the darkness of chaos ore the Titans existed, from a pair of whom Helios, ene, and Eos sprang. Just as in Genesis light is ated before the sun and moon, *Αἰθήρ*,[2] the higher, liant, fiery æther, is distinguished from the *ἀήρ* or er air. And from *αἰθ* came the name of the goddess

ATHENE IN CAPITOLINE MUSEUM.

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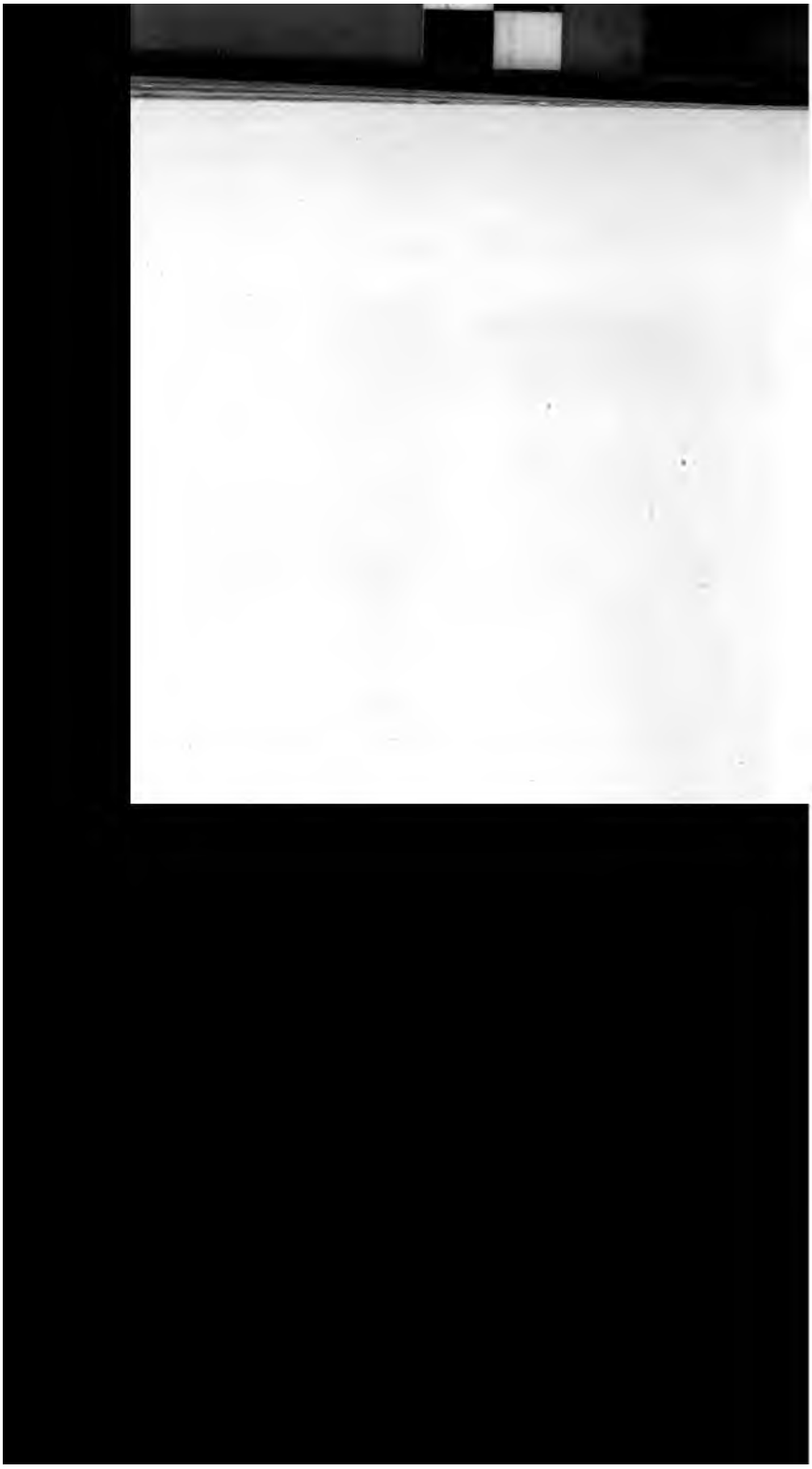

over by Paris, when he awarded the prize of beauty to Aphrodite. Her commonest epithet is γλαυκῶπις[1] (grey-eyed, glowing-eyed), but she had many others, as πότνια (mistress, queen), ἐρυσίπτολις (protectress of cities), λαοσσόος (nation-stirring), πολύβουλος (rich in counsel), μεγάθυμος (magnanimous), ἠΰκομος (fair-haired), ἀτρυτώνη (unwearied), ἀλαλκομενηίς (of Alkomenai, or protectress), λητίτις (the dispenser of booty), ἀγελεία (the driver of spoil), &c. She sprang full grown and full armed from the head of Zeus.[2] She is, therefore, the goddess of reflection, prudence and wise counsel, of intellect and the highest culture. She delighted in the ἔργα τερπνά σωφροσύνης[3] (the delightful works of wisdom), and was herself accomplished in all the arts of life. She directs and encourages all mental activity and skilful handicraft, and even the clever shipwright works by her inspiration. As the votary and protectress of Science, whose breast must be undisturbed by the tumult of the passions, she is represented as a chaste virgin, of a manly and serious disposition.[4] As Athene ἐργάνη (operosa, Horace) "the worker," she was worshipped by πᾶς ὁ χειρῶναξ λεὼς[5] (the whole labouring population). There was a temple of Athene ἐργάνη on the Acropolis of Athens. According to Apollodorus, the Trojan Palladion held a lance in the right hand and a spindle in the left.[6] Her symbol was the cock, as combining

[1] Cæsius; like the shining eyes of cats and lions: γλαυξ, the night-owl; glowing-eyed.
[2] Hesiod. Theog. 886; Pindar, Ol. vii. 62.
[3] Theocritus, 15–18.
[4] "Ἄρσην καὶ θῆλυς," Orphic Hym. xxxi. 10 (Hom. Hym. ix. 3).
[5] Soph. Fragm. [6] 3. 12, 3.

ustry and courage.[1] She presided over law and dicine, and Pericles erected a statue to her as gieia; the Minerva Medica of the Romans was also ebrated.[2]

She is the goddess of war,[3] born in full armour with ce in hand. When she goes forth to battle she ays herself in awe-inspiring fashion: "She casts down woven vesture (πέπλον) many-coloured, which she self had wrought, and dons the tunic of almighty s."[4] About her shoulders she casts the tasselled σανόεσσα) ægis,[5] which even the thunderbolt of Zeus not penetrate, wherein is panic (φόβος) "as a crown round about," and strife (ἔρις), and chilly rout (ἰωκὴ), the awful head of the monster Gorgo.[6]

As goddess of war she is superior to Ares himself, who hes blindly on without forethought or deliberation,

little children. Of course in vain.[1] She was the ever-watchful protectress of Athens, and the most popular legend connected with Athene is that in which she contends with Poseidon for the possession of that city. The council of the gods made their decision depend on the relative value of the gifts which the two deities should bestow on man. Poseidon then created the horse, and Athene the olive tree, and the prize was awarded to her. This contest, as is well known, formed the subject of the sculptures in the western pediment of the Parthenon at Athens, the work of Pheidias, the poor remains of which are the great glory of the British Museum.

She loves the strong and brave, the men of action and resource. She is ever at hand to aid and counsel the Achaian heroes, to heal their wounds and raise their spirits. She assisted Herakles in his terrible labours, and especially when he dragged Cerberus, the three-headed hound of loathed Hades, from Erebos to the light of day.[2] She comes down from heaven to check the wrath of Achilles when he is about to slay Agamemnon.[3] When Diomed is wounded by the archer Pandaros, she takes away the mist from his eyes, that he may distinguish between gods and men, and warns him to avoid all conflict with the blessed gods, excepting Aphrodite, for whom, as winner of the fatal apple, she has an especial hatred.

When Aphrodite leads the wounded Ares from the field, Athene speeds after her, and smites her with her heavy hand upon the breast, crying exultingly, "So be it to all who give the Trojans aid."[4] When Menelaos is

[1] Il. xv. 413. [2] Il. viii. 367. [3] Il. i. 194. [4] Il. xxi. 423.

ending the corpse of Patroklos from the Trojan on-
ght, "she puts force into his shoulders and knees,
into his breast the boldness of a fly, that, albeit
en away from the skin of man, is still eager to bite;
sweet to it is the blood of mankind."[1]

Achilles is one of her favourites, and when he is
ping bitterly over his dead friend Patroklos, and
ses food, she descends from heaven like a falcon,
de-winged and shrill-voiced," and distils nectar and
sant ambrosia into his breast, that grievous hunger
ht not assail him.[2]

In his terrible conflict with the river-gods Simoeis
Skamandros,[3] Athene succours him in the last ex-
nity, when Hera was obliged to invoke the aid of the
-god Hephaistos to scorch with his fiery blasts the
hty rivers. And last of all she aids him, by force and

"yet he did not speak the truth, for he had a crafty wit ever ready in his breast." He tells her a long story—how he had slain Orsilochos, who would have despoiled him of his Trojan booty; had then embarked in a ship of the Sidonians, and been left by them on his native shore.

The goddess, instead of being vexed at his duplicity, now assumes the semblance of a woman—smiles, and caresses him with her hand.[1] "Crafty," she says, "and knavish must he be who would outdo thee in all manner of guile, even if it were a god that encountered thee. Hardy man, subtle of wit, of guile insatiate;—so thou wast not, even in thine own country, to cease from thy slights and knavish words, which thou lovest from the bottom of thy heart. Thou art of all men the first in counsel and in discourse, and I, in the company of the gods, win renown for my wit and wile. Yet thou knewest not me, Pallas Athene, daughter of Zeus, who am always by thee, and guard thee in all adventures."[2]

And indeed throughout the Odyssey the great goddess seems to have little else to do but to act as guardian angel to Odysseus. But for her persistent watchfulness he would never have reached his home, or have regained his sovereignty when there.

After losing all his company in the den of the Cyclopes, in the passage between Scylla and Charybdis, in the encounter with the Læstrygones, in the isle of Helios Hyperion, and in the storms which the angry Poseidon raises against him, he is cast naked and alone on the banks of the river of Phæacia. "There of a truth

[1] Od. xiii. 285. [2] Od. xiii. 290.

ld the luckless Odysseus have perished, beyond that
ch was ordained, had not grey-eyed Athene given him
e counsel."

It was she who put it into the mind of the sleeping
den Nausicaa, daughter of Alkinoos, king of Phæ-
, to go with her maidens to wash her clothes at the
y spot where Odysseus was crouching among the
leaves in the adjacent wood. Having finished their
k, the maidens begin to play at ball. Nausicaa
ses her aim, and the ball rolls into the river. The
they raise at the loss rouses Odysseus from his lair.
flee in terror but Nausicaa. She, by the influence of
ene, is moved with pity for his sad condition, and
vides him with food and raiment. Athene then
ds grace about his head and shoulders, and wins
him the admiration and the favour of the lovely

fair skin will I wither, and make waste thy yellow hair, and wrap thee in a foul garment, such as one would shudder to see a man therein."[1] Every step he takes is under her wise guidance. For his sake she is equally helpful to his son Telemachos, whom she accompanies on his perilous journey to Pylos and Sparta. She plots with father and son for the destruction of the rapacious suitors. In the very crisis of the fight, when they are facing fearful odds, with only the faithful swineherd Eumaios and the goatherd to back them, Athene stands beside him in the shape of Mentor and rebukes him for his want of confidence and courage.[2] "Odysseus, thou hast no more steadfast might and prowess as when for nine whole years thou didst battle with the Trojans for high-born, white-armed Helen. . . . How then, now that thou art come to thine own house and possessions, dost thou bewail the need of courage to stand before the suitors?"[3] And again, at the affecting recognition between Odysseus and his aged father Laertes: "Athene drew nigh, and made greater the limbs of the aged shepherd of the people; taller she made him than before, and mightier to behold, so that his dear son marvelled at him, beholding him like to the deathless gods in presence."[4] And lastly, when Eupeithes,[5] weeping over the body of Antinoos, his son, the chief of the suitors, rouses the Ithacans to take vengeance on his slayers, Athene once more gives victory to her favourite hero.

To face their numerous assailants stood Odysseus,

[1] Od. xiii. 399. [2] Od. xxiv. 496. [3] Od. xxii. 223.
[4] Od. xxiv. 371. [5] Od. xxiv. 420.

chos, the swineherd and the goatherd, the six sons
os, with their father and Laertes, grey-bearded
they were, and "warriors only through stress
." So full of the spirit breathed into him by
is Laertes, that when he hears the bold answer
nachos to Odysseus, who exhorts his son to show
worthy of his high lineage, he greatly rejoices,

Zeus, then swing thy long spear and hurl it straightway. Therewith she breathed great strength into his aged frame, and he smote Eupeithes through his casque, and he fell with a crash to the ground. Odysseus and his followers then fell on the front rank of the enemy and smote them with sword and spear."

But Athene intervenes again, and stays the impending slaughter: "Son of Laertes, seed of Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, refrain now, and stay the strife of even-handed war, lest perchance the son of Kronos be angry with thee, even Zeus of the far-borne voice."[1] Herewith the civil war and the long wanderings and trials of the patient Odysseus are brought to a happy termination. By the guardian care of Pallas Athene he is restored to his kingdom, his home, his faithful wife and son, and reigns in peace and safety.

[1] Od. xxiv. 542.

CHAPTER IX

APHRODITE

APHRODITE was one of the chief female goddesses of the Semites, whose cult was brought by Phœ-cians to Cyprus. She was called "the Cyprian" by the Greeks, because she was born and lived there. Her first temple was at Askalon, and she was especially worshipped at Paphos, Amathus, and Idalion, in Cyprus.[1] She had temples in the remotest ages in Egypt, Chaldæa, and Phœnicia; but there are no traces of her temples in Mykenai, Tiryns, or Hissarlik. In later times temples

by Tritons and Nereids. On coins of Corinth her chariot is drawn by Hippocamps. So Ovid—

"In mare nimirum jus habet orta mari."[1]

Festivals of Aphrodite and Poseidon were celebrated at Ægina for sixteen days; and the two deities were worshipped together in Arcadia, Messene, and Ægion.

In the Epics she is the daughter of Zeus and Dione,[2] and the wife of Hephaistos, the divine artificer, to whom she proves a faithless and undutiful wife. She is beloved by Ares, to whom she bore Harmonios, and, according to Hesiod, Deimos and Phobos; by Hermes, to whom she bore Hermaphroditos; by Dionysos, the father of Priapos; and by Anchises, the father of Æneas, the great founder of Rome.

HEAD OF VENUS.

She is the queen of love and beauty.[3] Her epithets in Homer and other Greek poets are—*καλυκῶπις* (roseate), *καλλιπαρήος* (fair-cheeked), *καλλίκομος* (fair-haired), *ἐυπλόμαμος* (fair-tressed), *καλλισφύρος* (fair-ankled), *λευκώλενος* (white-armed), *ροδόπηχυς* (with rosy elbows), *ῥοδοδάκτυλος*

[1] Her. 16. 24. [2] Il. v. 370.

[3] *Αἰδοίην χρυσοστέφανον καλὴν Ἀφροδίτην!*
Χαίρ' ἐλικοβλέφαρε γλυκυμείλιχε.—Hom. Hym. in Ven.

rosy-fingered), ἑλικοβλέφαρος (quick-glancing), φιλομμειδης laughter-loving), ἡδὺ γελοιήσασα (sweetly smiling), γλυκυμείλιχος (sweetly winning), ἐυπέπλος (with beautiful robe), χρυσέη (golden), χρυσοστέφανος (golden-crowned), ιοστέφανος (violet-crowned), ἑλκεσίπεπλος (robe-trailing), ὐζώνος (well-girdled), and many more. Her favourite birds are doves and sparrows, from their tenderness and fertility.

Her entrancing beauty is enhanced by the most exquisite apparel. Her garments shine far brighter than the fire or the moon; her gold-garlanded hair breathes ambrosial fragrance round her. Her rich garments are made by the Graces themselves, who, with the Hours, are her constant attendants, and arrange for her their lovely dances. Her whole being is the expression of passionate, longing love, with which, at will, she inspires

But rather the *sæva mater Cupidinum* (the ruthless mother of the Cupids) of Horace.

Of course there is a serious side of Aphrodite, which appears more clearly in later literature. In the settlements of the Phœnicians in Sicily—Eryx and Egesta—there were temples of Aphrodite Urania (the heavenly), whose influence inspired a pure love, far removed from carnal desire.[1] The priestesses of the Aphrodite Urania must be virgins.[2] Under her feet Pheidias placed the tortoise, as emblem of home-staying, domestic love. It is under the inspiration of this Aphrodite that Plato rises to the highest flight of the soul.

VENUS.

As she appears in Homer, however, there is nothing heroic or grand about her but her form. She is the divine Olympian courtesan—frivolous, voluptuous, self-indulgent—not the Venus Urania, but almost the Venus πάνδημος, the vulgar Venus, patroness of wantonness and lubricity. Her much-abused husband Hephaistos describes her well,

[1] Ἐπὶ Ἔρωτι καθαρῷ καὶ
ἀπαλληγμένῳ πόθου σώματος.
—*Cf.* Xenoph. Symp. 8, 9; Thucyd. 612.

[2] Pausan. ii. 10. 4.

nd with surprising moderation, when, after her scan-alous intrigue with Ares, he tells her father Zeus at his daughter is "fair indeed, but without discre-on."[1] Like women of the same nature and character, e is generally sweet-tempered, kind, caressing and attering. When the daughters of Pandaros are bereft father and mother,[2] "the fair Aphrodite cherished em with curds and sweet honey and delicious wine," nd begged of Zeus "that a glad marriage might be ccomplished for the orphaned maidens"—"but the pirits of the storm carried them away." She was the atroness of marriage, for whose ties she showed so tle respect.

Yet she could be harsh enough when her wishes were pposed. Paris, the least heroic of all the Homeric eroes, was her especial favourite. She loved him as her

the way of the gods . . . and still vex thyself for his sake, and guard him till he make thee his wife, or perchance his slave."[1] Strange language to be addressed to the daughter of Zeus, the all-powerful goddess of beauty and love! Then the goddess turns upon her victim in furious wrath: "Provoke me not, rash woman, lest in mine anger I desert thee, and hate thee as now I love thee beyond measure . . . and so thou perish in evil wise."[2]

Though self-willed and tyrannical to those unhappy ones who had fallen a prey to her seductions, she is weak and cowardly when met by superior strength. She loves Aineias, too, her son by the mortal Anchises. When Diomed is about to slay him, "she winds her white arms about her beloved son, and spreads before his face a fold of her radiant peplos, to be a shield from the darts of the Achaians."[3] Then Tydides, at the instigation of Hera, dares to attack the Cyprian queen, as she bore her dear son out of the battle, "for he knew that she was a coward goddess . . . no Athene, nor Enyo, waster of cities. So the great-hearted son of Tydeus pursued her through the throng, and thrust at her with his keen spear, and wounded the skin of her weak hand. Straight through the ambrosial vesture, that the Graces themselves had woven, pierced the spear into the flesh above the springing of the palm." Then with a loud cry she lets fall her son, and leaves his fate to chance.[4]

Ares carries her out of the battle in his chariot, and she flies to Olympos and falls on the knees of Dione,

[1] Il. iii. 404.
[2] Il. iii. 413.
[3] Il. v. 315.
[4] Il. v. 330.

r mother, to whom she relates at length the outrage
e had suffered at the hands of the impious Diomed.
t Dione gives her cold comfort,[1] telling her that she
s by no means the first of the blessed gods who had
en wounded by a mortal hero; and how Ares himself
l been imprisoned by Otos and Ephialtes; how Hera,
great queen of heaven, had been pierced in the
ht breast by a three-barbed arrow from the bow of

Athene, sitting near, mock the weeping Aphrodite with bitter sarcasm,[1] while her almighty father Zeus smiles and calls her to him: "Not unto thee, my child, are given the works of war; follow thou after the loving tasks of wedlock, and to all these things shall fleet Ares and Athene look." Yet, in a pretty epigram, she is represented as in full armour[2]—

> "Who has arrayed thee, laughter-loving, honey-sweet Cyprian,
> in warlike arms?
> To thee the pæan was dear, and golden-haired Hymenæus."

To which she answers, laughing—

> "If I conquer nude, what shall I not do when I take up arms?"

In spite of her irresistible all-pervading power over the hearts and senses of gods and men, she holds but a secondary place in the Olympian family and court. Father Zeus and mother Dione treat her, as we see, as a silly child. She is an object of ridicule, as well as hatred, to Hera and Athene, and the latter chases her from the field when she comes to the assistance of Ares, and fells her to the ground "with her stout fist."[3]

And lastly, to complete the evil picture of the lovely queen, she is made the principal actor in the scandalous scene in the eighth book of the Odyssey, in which she and Ares are caught in a bronze net by her injured husband Hephaistos, and exposed to the inextinguishable laughter of the blessed gods. "The lady god-

[1] Il. v. 419.

[2] *Jacobi de Epig. Græc.* i. 46. Pausanius mentions several armed statues of Aphrodite, iii. 23. See Appendix XV.

[3] Il. xxi. 423.

s," we are glad to learn, "abode each within her
for shame." The whole passage, the only one
Homeric Epics which can be fairly called vulgar
moral, is so alien in spirit and style to the rest of
oems, that we feel justified in regarding it as an
olation of a later and more vicious age.

is a singular fact that her position in the later poets
n art is far more honourable than in Homer. In
r she is the wife of Ares,[1] and among the twelve
she and Ares are placed together, as they are also
e Francois vase.[2] In the double temple at Argos
was a *xoanon* of Aphrodite in the east entrance,
of Ares in the west. In the temple of Ares at
s, in which stood his statue by Alkamenes, there
two statues of Aphrodite.[3] Perhaps the best
ples of these two deities combined are on coins

DIANE À LA BICHE.

To face page 122.

Artemis the Huntress

Her epithets are ἁγνὴ (holy, pure), εὐπλόκαμος (fair-tressed), χρυσόθρονος (golden-throned), κελαδεινὴ (noisy, swift-rushing, loud-voiced), ἀγροτερή (the huntress), ἰοχέαιρα (the arrow-pourer, archer), χρυσηλάκατος (with spindle of gold), ἐΰσκοπος (keen-sighted),[1] ἐλαφήβόλος (stag-slayer). Her name is probably derived from ἀρτεμὴς (untouched).

All her tastes are manly, and her principal vocation is the chase of bears and stags, in pursuit of which she is ever ranging forest and mountain, attended by the twenty nymphs "that hold the steep hill-tops, the river springs, and the grassy water-meadows." Of majestic stature and exceeding beauty, she surpasses them all in height, in strength, activity and courage, and rises pre-eminent among them, a very sylvan queen. She instructed her favourites in archery, and among them Skamandros, the mighty hunter.[2]

She favours the Trojans, but plays a very minor part in the fierce struggle before Troy. When she does venture on the warpath, she is no match for Hera or Athene; and when she stirs up her brother Apollo against Poseidon with bitter reproaches, it goes ill with her, as we have seen, at the hands of Hera, who cuffs her, breaks her bow, and spills her arrows.[3] Her mother Leto gathers them up, and Artemis, like Aphrodite, goes to Olympos to complain to Zeus. She seats herself upon his knee, "while round her her divine vesture quivered." "Who," he asks, gently laughing, "dear child, hath thus dealt with thee?" And the fair-

[1] Il. xxi. 511; xvi. 183; v. 53.
[2] Il. v. 51.
[3] Il. xxi. 503.

All gentle, painless deaths of wome
her, as those of men to Apollo. We oft
being slain "by the visitation of her ge
in anger, but in love. Penelope, in h
the importunity of the insolent suitors,
to Artemis: "Oh! that pure Artemis
soft a death, even now, that I might n
life in sorrow of heart, longing for th
lence of my dear lord."[2]

But her golden shafts were not al
gers of peace-bringing love to weary
wrath that she slew Orion, the lover of
Dawn (Eos), and Laodameia, the dau
phon,[3] and the children of unhappy
Niobe matched herself against Artemis'
cheeked Leto, saying that "the goddes
but she many children."[4]

As she had the power of sending p
like her brother Apollo, she is called θ
also θεὰ σώτειρα, from her power of h
exercised in the case of Aineias[5] A

whence her epithet ἐλαφήβόλος (stag-slayer), she was regarded as the patroness of the young, and Æschylus calls her the protectress of young sucking animals.

As Luna the Moon, with whom she was identified, she was perhaps the most generally worshipped of all the heavenly powers,[1] and in Greece especially by the Arcadians and Thessalians. The importance attached to the changes of the moon by the Jews, and the influence on the weather and on man and beast attributed to them, even in the present day, are too well known to need comment here. Some of the tribes of Africa are said to worship the moon without the sun.[2] Even the rigidly monotheistical Osmanlis offer prayers to the rising moon. At Athens, also, men prayed to the new moon, either on the Acropolis or at home.[3]

Selene, afterwards identified with Artemis (though not vowed to virginity like Artemis, for she had fifty children), is connected with Endymion of Latmos, on the beautiful white range of rocks of which Selene visited the ever-sleeping youth, that she might kiss him while he was unconscious of the favour. There was a saying that he who sleeps with a goddess cannot live, a rule certainly not of universal application—witness Peleus, Anchises, Odysseus, and others.

The legend was a favourite theme of the poets.[4] Sappho sings of Selene's visit to the ever-sleeping one in his cave (adyton) in Latmos, from which he never moves. In the Theogony, Selene, like the Dawn (Eos),

[1] Pliny calls her cult *terris familiarissimum.*
[2] *Zoega de Obel.* p. 243, n. 4. [3] Demosth. Aristogeiton, i., sec. 99.
[4] Theocr. iii. 49; Ovid, Her. 15, 89.

the sister of Helios, as Artemis of Apollo.[1] The holiast Æschylus calls her the daughter of Helios, cause she derives her light from him.

The forms under which Artemis appears in different untries and periods are extremely various and dif- ent in character. What, for example, can be more like the forest-ranging virgin huntress Artemis, than breast-covered Diana of the Ephesians?

Artemis appears in Homer as the sister and female unterpart of Apollo; and we find them together—the e at the east, rising, and the other at the west, setting— the eastern pediment of the Parthenon in the British useum.

Hecate, who was sometimes regarded as one of the persons" of the triform goddess, is not mentioned in omer. She was worshipped in Athens under the me *Μουνυχία* (reigning alone by night—*sola noctu domi-*

CHAPTER X

THE DEMI-GODDESSES OR NYMPHS—CALYPSO, CIRCE, THETIS

THESE inferior Immortals are chiefly notable in the Epics for the important part they play in the lives of Odysseus and Achilles.

Calypso, daughter of Atlas, dwelt in the island of Ogygia, on which Odysseus was wrecked after escaping, with the loss of half his crew, from Scylla and Charybdis. This island "lies far off in the sea; there dwells the crafty Calypso of the braided tresses, an awful goddess of mortal speech, nor is any, either of the gods or men, conversant with her." [1]

Of course many futile attempts have been made to identify this island, and Kallimachos was probably the first to fix upon the island of Gaulos (Gozo). Homer calls it "the navel of the sea" (ὄμφαλὸς θαλάσσης), and says that Odysseus was sailing eight days and nights from Charybdis before he reached it. We have seen above how little dependence can be placed on Homeric distances, and we cannot but agree with Eratosthenes, the greatest of ancient geographers, that the geography of the Epics was entirely the creation of the poet's fancy.

Her chief epithet in the Odyssey is δῖα θεάων, but she

[1] Od. xii. 449, and vii. 245.

that far-off isle, "rose from the violet
up into the land, till he came to a
dwelt the nymph of the braided tr
her within. And on the hearth the
burning, and from afar was smelt t
cedar and sandal-wood, blazing thr
the Nymph within was singing with
fared to and fro before the loom and
of gold. And round about the cave
blossoming, alder and poplar and swe
And therein all long-winged birds had
owls and falcons and chattering sea-
their business in the waters. And
hollow cave trailed a gadding garden
clusters. And the wells of four str
were running with clear waters har
turned each to a separate course. M
soft meadows of violets and parsley b
a deathless god who came there mi
sight and be glad at heart."

The fair goddess first, as in duty

and mixed the ruddy nectar. And after he had comforted his soul with food, he answered her question:[1] "'Twas Zeus that bade me come hither, by no will of mine; nay, who of his free-will would speed over such a wondrous space of brine, whereby is no city of mortals that do sacrifice to the gods and offer choice hecatombs? . . . And now Zeus biddeth thee send Odysseus hence with what speed thou mayest, for it is not ordained that he die away from his friends, but to come to his high-roofed home and his own country."[2]

The nymph shuddered as she heard the stern decree, and bitterly complains of the jealousy of the gods; but she makes no resistance. "Him," she says, "have I loved and cherished, and I said that I would make him to know not death and age for ever. Yet, forasmuch as it is in nowise possible to go beyond or make void the purpose of Zeus, let him away over the barren sea. But I will give him no despatch, not I, for I have no ships by me with oars. . . . Yet will I be forward to put this in his mind, and will hide nought, that all unharmed he may come to his own country."[3]

"Then she went to the sea, and found the great-hearted Odysseus sitting on the shore, and the tears were never wiped from his eyes, and his sweet life was ebbing away as he mourned for his return. . . . And in the daytime he would sit on the rocks, straining his soul with tears and groans and griefs, and through his tears he would look wistfully over the barren sea."[4]

She tells him how to build his raft, and furnishes him

[1] Od. v. 99. [2] Od. v. 116.
[3] Od. v. 135. [4] Od. v. 158.

ith timber and tools, and gives him provisions and
iment, and promises to send a fair breeze. His sus-
icious nature finds it difficult to believe in so much
enerous kindness from one whom he was deserting.
nstead of a profusion of gratitude, he only expresses
oubts of her sincerity and fears of her real intentions.
Herein, goddess, thou hast plainly some other thoughts,
nd in nowise my furtherance, for that thou biddest me
ross in a raft a great gulf of the sea, so dread and diffi-
ult, the which not even the swift gallant ships pass over
ejoicing in the breeze of Zeus. Nor would I against thy
ill go aboard a raft, unless thou wilt deign, O goddess,
o swear a great oath not to plan any hidden guile."[1]

Instead of being angry at his undeserved mis-
ust, the fair goddess smiled, caressed him with her
and, and spake, showing a certain admiration of his
afty ways. "Knavish thou art, and no weakling in

whom thou hast a desire day by day. Not, in sooth, that I allow me to be worse than her in form or fashion; for it is in nowise meet that mortal women should match them with Immortals in shape and comeliness."[1] And Odysseus, rich in counsel, answers her: "Be not wroth with me, goddess and queen. Myself, I know it well, how wise Penelope is meaner to look upon than thou, in comeliness and stature. And she is mortal, and thou knowest not age or death. Yet even so, I long, day by day, to face homeward and see the day of my returning; yea, and if some god shall wreck me in the wine-dark deep, even so will I endure, with a heart patient of affliction. For already have I suffered much, and toiled in perils of waves and wars; let this be added to the tale of those."

As soon as the rosy-fingered Dawn shone forth, "Odysseus put on a mantle and a doublet, and the Nymph clad her in a great shining robe, light of woof and gracious, and about her waist she cast a fair golden girdle, and a veil withal upon her head."[2] She shows him where the tall trees grow, alder and poplar and pine, and leaves him to his work. But she comes again and brings him a web of cloth for sails, which he fashioned very skilfully. In four days the raft is finished, and on the fifth the fair goddess, when she had bathed him and clad him in fragrant attire, sent him on his way from the island, and caused a warm and gentle wind to blow. She instructs him how to steer his raft by keeping ever on the left of the Wain, "which alone hath no part in the baths of ocean."

[1] Od. v. 201. [2] Od. v. 230.

There is no pathetic leave-taking, no expression of ratitude from Odysseus for her long and loving care, nd the lavish generosity with which she aided him to ave her for the arms of another. Odysseus, rejoicing, ts his sails, which *she* had furnished, to the favouring reeze, which *she* had sent, and the lonely goddess turns to her solitude, having lost the only being she oved, "for none, either of gods or mortals, were con- ersant with her." We see no more of the fair Calypso.

KIRKE (CIRCE).

Circe of Aia is the enchantress and magician of the omeric epic, answering to the witch of our Northern iry tales, except that the latter is generally a frightful ld woman, while the former is a lovely nymph.

seem to delight in degrading the characters created by Homer to a lower level than he had assigned to them. Thus Helen, in many respects so noble and lovable, becomes a worthless wanton; Penelope, an adulteress; and Hekabe, a savage infanticide, a female dog, &c.

Odysseus, after losing eleven of his twelve ships

CIRCE.

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among the savage Læstrygonians, escapes to the island Ææa, the abode of this much-dreaded goddess. Having landed, he ascends a hill, from which he sees smoke rising from a dwelling in the coppice below. While returning to his ship, a tall antlered stag crosses his very path, which he smote with his brazen shaft, and bore as a welcome prize to his famished companions.

o the rest of the day was spent in feasting on abundant esh and sweet wine. As soon as the rosy-fingered Dawn none forth, he orders a gathering of his men, and tells hem how he had seen the smoke rising from a dwell-g in the woodland below. The men, as usual, wept opiously, but, as he said, "no avail came of their eeping." He then divides them into two companies, king the command of one himself, and assigning the ther to Eurylochus. To decide which should under-ke the perilous enterprise to the halls of Circe; they ast lots in a brazen-fitted helmet, and the lot of proud urylochus leapt out. So he and two-and-twenty of the ew went on their way "all weeping."[1]

They soon found the halls of Circe in the forest lades, built of polished stone, from which there was clear prospect. "And all around the palace wolves f the hills and lions were roaming, whom she herself

Hermes gives Odysseus an Antidote

The fair goddess "entertains them with a mess of cheese and barley-meal, yellow honey and Pramnian wine, with which she mixed harmful drugs. Then she smote them with a wand, and shut them up in the styes of the swine, changed in all respects except their minds." "Thus were they penned weeping, and Circe flung them acorns and mast and fruit of the cornel-tree to eat."[1]

Eurylochus returns to Odysseus with the evil tidings. It was long ere he could compose himself sufficiently to tell his sad tale, which when Odysseus had at last extorted from him, he girt on his sword and took his bow, and ordered the weeping Eurylochus to lead him to the fatal spot. Eurylochus, completely overmastered by his fears, begs him not to take him thither against his will, and Odysseus contemptuously allows him to remain behind. "As for thee, Eurylochus,[2] thou mayest abide here eating and drinking by the black hollow ship; but I will go forth, for a strong constraint is laid on me."

In spite of his many ugly qualities, we must allow that Odysseus was a true leader of men, always ready to face danger in defence of his followers.

As he was passing through the sacred glades on his apparently hopeless enterprise,[3] Hermes of the golden wand met him in the guise of a youth, "with the first down upon his lip, the time when youth is most gracious." Hermes tells him what had befallen his men, and that in all likelihood he himself would never return, but abide there with the others. "But," he adds, "I will set thee free from thy distress, and bring thee

[1] Od. x. 241. [2] Od. x. 271. [3] Od. x. 275.

her."[2]

Odysseus proceeded on his wa
heart, and halted in the portals
goddess. At his loud summons s
smiling welcome, seats him on a
and gives him a footstool—a su
Then she gives him the poisoned
with her wand, saying: "Go thy w
and couch thee there with the rest o

The antidote preserves him. H
sword in hand, as if he would slay
cry, she slips down and clasps his k
astonishment, and wails for mercy.
man else that is proof against this ch
methinks, hast a mind within thee t
chanted. Verily thou art Odysseus,
of Argos full often told me was to
way from Troy."[4]

Like Calypso, she falls in love
hero, and becomes completely subs
True to his prudent

vocable oath, which binds the most powerful as well as the wiliest of the gods.[1] She then, according to custom, bathes him; and after the bath the handmaid drew a polished table to their side, and a grave dame bare wheaten bread, and laid dainties on the board, "giving freely of such things as she had." But Odysseus sat silent without touching the food. Circe, seeing him thus afflicted, asks him the cause of his silence and distress. "Wherefore dost thou sit there like a speechless man, consuming thine own soul? . . . Thou hast no cause to fear some further guile, for I have sworn thee a strong oath not to harm thee."[2] He answers, "O Circe, what righteous man would have the heart to taste meat and drink ere he had redeemed his company? If in good faith thou biddest me eat and drink, then let them go free, that my eyes may behold my dear companions." Circe at once consents. She opened the door of the stye, and drave them forth in the shape of swine of nine years old, and they all stood before her.[3] And she went through the midst of them, anointing each one of them with another charm. "And lo! from their limbs the bristles dropped wherewith the venom had clothed them. And they became men again, younger than before and goodlier far, and taller to behold." And they all knew Odysseus again, and "took his hands, and wistful was the lament that sank into their souls, and the roof around rang wondrously. And even the goddess was moved with compassion."

Circe then exhorts him to go back to his swift ship, and return with his dear companions. He finds them

[1] Od. x. 345. [2] Od. x. 382. [3] Od. x. 388.

enting piteously, and, as usual, *shedding big tears*, they were overjoyed to see him: "Yea, and to r spirit it was as though they had already got to r dear country, and the very city of rugged Ithaca, re they were born and reared."[1] Odysseus then in- s them to go to the palace of Circe, and to see r fellows, where they eat and drink in the sacred lling of the goddess, "for they have continual e."[2] All consent but the timid Eurylochus, who s to hold them back. Odysseus was enraged by his tinous conduct, and would have slain him, but the ers stayed him on every side with soothing words. y proposed to leave Eurylochus behind to guard the low ship, but he too followed with them, "for he ed his lord's terrible rebuke."

Meanwhile the goddess bathed the others with all e, anointed them with olive oil, and cast thick

Odysseus' Journey to Hades

At last, on the return of the long days of summer, his followers exhort him once more to think of his return to his own dear country.[1] He therefore supplicates the fair goddess to fulfil her promise to send him on his homeward way. Grieved as she was to part with him, she consents, for he had thoroughly won her heart; and she now, with unselfish zeal, loyally bends her mind to the fulfilment of his wishes.[2] But she warns him that it is absolutely necessary to his salvation that he should journey to the dwelling of Hades and dread Persephone, and seek the shade of Theban Teiresias, the blind soothsayer; to him, she said, Persephone had given judgment, even in his death, that he alone should have understanding; "but the other souls sweep shadow-like around."[3]

Odysseus is terrified at the prospect of this new and terrible adventure. He sat up in his bed and wept, "and his soul had no more care to live and to see the sunlight."[4] But when he had had his fill of weeping and grovelling, he asks her: "And who, Circe, will guide us on this way? for no man ever yet sailed to hell in a black ship."

Circe is fully equal to the occasion, and gives him the most exact and detailed instructions for his voyage, and tells him what offerings to make. She exhorts him to take especial care to conciliate, with many prayers, "the strengthless heads of the dead," and to promise them that, on his return to Ithaca, he would offer to them a barren heifer, the best he had, and fill the pyre with

[1] Od. x. 483. [2] Od. x. 490.
[3] Od. x. 494. [4] Od. x. 496.

Arrived at the appointed spc
river Pyriphlegethon flows into
Cocytus, a branch of the Styx, he
it with the blood of the victims sa
dead." The spirits throng roun
ness to drink the blood, but h
approach the trench, not even h
cleia,[3] until he had had word of T
his hopes depended. At last the
bids him hold off from the ditch,
sharp sword by which he kept the
he might drink the blood "and tell l

Teiresias tells him that he will
by the Shaker of the Earth, "who
in his heart against thee for rage
his dear son."[4] He also warns
on the sacred island of the sun-
him that if he lands there, and doe
sacred cattle, he will atone for it b
men ; yet that he himself should e
evil plight, with the loss of

home. "And thine own death shall come upon thee from the sea—a gentle death, which shall end thee foredone with smooth old age, and the folk shall dwell happily around thee."[1]

I have dwelt on the adventures of Odysseus at greater length than the scope of a work on the *women* of Homer appears to warrant, because I wish to show what a very prominent part the women play in the wondrous tale *of Homer*. In every crisis of Odysseus' fate it is a goddess, a nymph, or a woman who comes to save him. The great goddess Athene, the immortal nymphs Calypso, Circe, and Ino-Leucothea, the queenly Arētē, and above all the peerless maiden Nausicaa, appear successively, in the very nick of time, to save him from impending disaster and death. These details, too, serve to illustrate the peculiar character and functions of the demi-goddesses or nymphs. We see them acting as messengers of the greater deities, as mediators between them and mortal men, and generally as compassionate, loving, and beneficent friends of the helpless and distressed.

THETIS.

Daughter of Nereus and Doris, and grand-daughter of Poseidon, whence she is called "Neptunine" by Catullus.[2]

As one of the highest order of marine deities, she lived with her father Nereus in the depths of the

[1] Od. xi. 134.

[2] 64, 28: "Tene Thetis tenuit pulcherrima Neptunine?"

ocean.[1] There, attended by her sister nymphs, she sported and danced by the ever fresh-flowing streams.[2] Her epithets are ηὐκομος and εὐπλοκαμος (fair-haired, fair-tressed), and ταυὐπεπλος (long-robed), and ἀργυρόπεζα (silver-footed). She played a great part in Greek mythology, and in the Iliad as the unhappy mother of the short-lived Achilles. She is remarkable for her sympathetic kindness to the unfortunate in their distresses, and for her devoted love to her son. She received Dionysos, "and took him to her bosom," when he plunged beneath the salt sea wave, after he had fled from the murderous tyrant Lykourgos.[3] The wine-god, in token of his gratitude, gave her a two-handled golden urn, the work of Hephaistos.[4] She also received Hephaistos himself, when he was cast out of heaven. She was reared by Hera, and her great beauty and high distinction of character attracted Zeus himself and Poseidon, who both sought her hand in marriage.[5] But when Themis prophesied that Thetis' son would be greater than his father they desisted, and determined that she should marry a mortal, that no god might suffer from his son.

The husband fixed on was Peleus, a favourite of the gods, with whom she was forced into a marriage degrading to her as a goddess, sorely against her own

[1] Hesiod. Theog. 244; Il. i. 58; xviii. 35; xxiv. 82.
[2] Eurip. Ion. 1099; Aristoph. Acharn. 882.
[3] Il. vi. 135. [4] Od. 24, 75; Tsetz. ad Lycophron. 273.
[5] Pindar, Isthm. 8. 18, 70; Ovid. Met. xi. 225:

> "Namque senex Thetidi Proteus, Dea dixerat undæ
> Concipe; mater eris juvenis, qui fortibus actis,
> Acta patris vincet, majorque vocabitur illo."

Ovid. xv. 856; Æsch. Prom. 767.

will. But Cheiron, the wise Centaur, instructs his friend Peleus how to bring her into subjection—no easy task, for Thetis, like many other marine deities, had the power of transforming herself into any shape she pleased.[1] But all her efforts were in vain, for Peleus, forewarned, held her fast till she returned to her proper shape.

The wedding of Peleus and his victim was attended by all the gods, and Apollo and the Muses sang the bridal song.[2]

When she had given birth to her illustrious son Achilles, Nereus prophesies to her that his life, though glorious, would be short. All the sea deities, Proteus,[3] Nereus, Ino, Thetis herself, and others, possessed the power of prophecy, which seems to have been connected in the mind of the Greeks with water.

Her whole soul is devoted to her son; her only thought how to render his short span of life glorious and happy.

When the heralds took away his loved Briseis, Achilles wept, and sat aloof from his comrades on the beach of the grey sea. He stretched forth his hands and prayed earnestly to his dear mother: "Mother! seeing thou didst of a truth bear me to so brief a life, honour, at the least, ought the Olympian to have granted me . . . but now doth he not honour me, no, not a whit."

[1] Pindar, Nem. iii. 60; Pausan. v. 185.

[2] Il. xxiv. 62. Stories of her changes are given in Pindar, Nem. iii. 60; and in Apollodorus, iii. 13, sec. 5.

[3] Proteus, when bound by Menelaos, assumes the form of a snake, a pard, a huge wild boar, of fire and running water, and of a tall and flowering tree.—Od. iv. 453.

He then relates to her all tl
the Far-darter had sent a pl
because Agamemnon had kept
favoured priest Chryses as a s
the chiefs of the Greeks con
Chryseis to her aged father, and
Agamemnon had robbed him by
the Greeks had given him as his
mother to use all her influence
mind him of the day when all
Poseidon, and Pallas—would hav
alone came to his aid, and sum
handed Briareus to his side, and
shameful wreck. "Do thou cla
chance he will give succour to tl
the Achaians among their ships'
over to slaughter, . . . that even the
non may perceive his blindness,
not at all the best of the Achaian

Thetis forgets not her dear son
my child!" she wails. "why reared

mounts up to heaven and high Olympos, where she finds the mighty Son of Kronos seated alone upon the highest peak. He listens to her fervent prayer, but sat long time in silence. Then with still more desperate eagerness she clung to his knees, until he at last gave way, reluctantly indeed, for he was afraid of Hera's sharp reproaches, and said: "Come now, I will bow my head to thee, for that is the surest token among the Immortals." "He nodded his dark brow, and the ambrosial locks waved from the king's immortal head, and great Olympos quaked."[1]

He is, of course, severely cross-examined by his jealous consort, and can only quiet her by threats. "Lady," he says, "ever art thou imagining, nor can I escape thee. . . . But abide thou in silence, and hearken to my bidding, lest all the gods in Olympos keep not off from thee my visitation, when I put forth my hands unapproachable against thee."[2]

Thetis does not disguise from her dear son that he is destined to an early doom, which he could only escape by forfeiting his fair fame. "For thus,"[3] he tells the Achaian chiefs who come with earnest prayers and rich presents from Agamemnon, hoping to mitigate his wrath —"for thus my goddess-mother telleth me, Thetis the silver-footed, that twain fates are bearing me to the issue of death. If I abide here and besiege the Trojan city, then my returning home is taken from me, but my fame shall be imperishable; but if I go home to my dear native land, my high fame is taken from me, but my life

[1] Il. i. 529. [2] Il. i. 556. [3] Il. ix. 410.

trial endure one while.' The men, of course, could not hesitate.

When his dearest friend, the good Patroklos, is slain by Hector, "then terribly moaned Achilles," and with both hands he took dark dust and poured it over his head, and defiled his comely face, and fire and marred his hair.[2] His lady mother, ever watchful, heard him in the depth of the sea, as she sat by her aged sire. "At her bitter cry all the goddesses flocked around her—the daughters of Nereus, Glauke and Thaleia, and Kymodoke, Nesaia and Speio, and Thoe, and ox-eyed Halie, and Kymothoe, and Aktaie, and Limnoreia, and Melite, and Iaira, Amphithoe, and Agave, and Doto and Proto, and Pherusa, and Dynamene and Dexamene, and Amphinome, and Kallianeira, Doris and Panope, and noble Galateia, and Nemertes, and Apseudes, and Kallianassa, and Klymene, and Ianeira, and Ianassa, and Maira, and Oreithuia, and fair-tressed Amatheia, and other Nereids.[3] With these the bright cave was filled, and they all beat together on their breasts, and Thetis led the lament." She tells them how her son, the chief of heroes, had shot up "like a young branch," and she had reared him "as a plant in a very fruitful field." "I will go to him," she says, "that I may look upon my dear child."

She rose from the sea with her attendant nymphs, and went up upon the shore, where lay the ships of the Myrmidones.[4] She stood beside her darling child, and with a shrill cry clasped his head, and asked the cause of his bitter lamentation. "One thing," she says, "at least

[1] Il. xviii. 35.
[2] Il. xviii. 23.
[3] Il. xviii. 43.
[4] Il. xviii. 68.

hath been accomplished of Zeus, that the sons of the Achaians should be pent up in their ships for lack of thee."

"True, mother," he answers; "but what delight have I therein since my dear comrade Patroklos is dead, whom I honoured as it were my very self. Him have I lost, and Hector, that slew him, hath stripped from him the armour, great and fair, a wonder to behold, that the gods gave to Peleus—a splendid gift—on the day when they laid thee in the bed of a mortal man. Would thou hadst abode among the deathless daughters of the sea, and Peleus had wedded a mortal bride." And he adds: "My soul biddeth me no longer live, if Hector be not first smitten by my spear."

Then Thetis, shedding tears, answers him: "Short-lived, I ween, must thou be then, my child, by what thou sayest, for straightway after Hector is death appointed unto thee."[1]

She cannot save him, for he has but one thought, one desire—to avenge his beloved comrade.

She then turns her thoughts to the best means of aiding him in his purpose. His splendid armour, the glorious gift of the gods to his father Peleus, now adorned the back of the noble Hector. She charged her son not to go forth to the battle until she returned; and to her sister-nymphs she said: "Go ye down to the wide bosom of the deep, and tell the Ancient One of the sea that I am going to high Olympos, to Hephaistos of noble skill, if haply he will give unto my son noble armour shining gloriously."

[1] Il. xviii. 94.

Thetis is received by Chari
whom the renowned god had w
her husband, and he comes gl
debt of gratitude to the silver-
says, "a dread and honoured g
seeing that she delivered me wh
me from my great fall, through
less mother Hera, who would fa
that I was lame. Then had I su
had not Thetis and Eurynome ta
. . . wherefore behoveth it me v
fair-tressed Thetis for the saving

He then wiped away the s
donned his doublet; and there
gold that moved to help their l
living maids. In them is under
in them are voice and strength, a
the immortal gods."

He then approaches Thetis,
asks the reason of her coming.
at heart; my soul is fain to -

his armour—and begs the artist-god to make him "shield and helmet, and goodly greaves, and cuirass."[1]

Hephaistos gladly accedes to her wishes, and promises goodly armour, "such as all men afterward shall marvel at, whosoever may behold."

Of that splendid work of the divine artificer, celebrated through all ages, and discussed in a thousand volumes, we cannot speak here at any length. We shall only notice the one scene that comes within our scope—the marriage festival.

"He fashioned two fair cities of mortal men. In the one were espousals and marriage feasts, and beneath the blaze of torches they were leading the brides from their chambers through the city, and loud arose the bridal song. And young men were whirling in the dance, and among them flutes and viols sounded high."[2]

"Also did the glorious lame god devise a dancing-place, like unto that which once, in wide Knosos, Daidalos wrought for Ariadne of the lovely tresses. There were youths dancing, and maidens of costly wooing. . . . And now would they run round with deft feet exceeding lightly, . . . and now, anon, in lines to meet each other. And a great company stood round the lovely dance. . . . So, when he had finished all the armour, he laid it before the mother of Achilles. Then she, like a falcon, sprang down snowy Olympos, bearing from Hephaistos the glittering arms."

When the saffron-robed Morn arose from the streams of ocean, Thetis came to the ship, bearing the gifts of the god, and laid them before her son. "Awe fell on

[1] Il. xviii. 456. [2] Il. xviii. 491.

the Myrmidones, nor dare any gaze thereon. But when Achilles looked on them his eyes blazed terribly, as it were a flame beneath their lids." [1]

Achilles is greatly troubled lest the body of his dear comrade should see corruption, and become the prey of flies, of which the Greeks had an abiding horror. But his mother comforts him, and promises to ward from him "the cruel tribes of flies; . . . and she shed ambrosia and red nectar on Patroklos through his nostrils, that his flesh might abide the same."

When next we see the silver-footed goddess, she is joining with the Myrmidones in the funeral lament over the body of Patroklos. Achilles led the mourning, and "Thetis stirred among them the desire of wailing."

When Hector has fallen beneath the mighty hand of Achilles, aided by the foul treachery of Athene, Zeus, who dearly loved the noble Trojan hero, is anxious to save his corpse from the dogs and birds, and to give it the honourable burial which Hector had vainly asked of Achilles. "Hector," said the mighty son of Kronos to the pitiless Hera, "was dearest to the gods of all the mortals in Ilios; at least he was to *me*, for in nowise failed he in the gifts I love."

He bethinks him of Thetis, for whom he had an especial love, hoping that she could best prevail on her son to accept a splendid ransom at the hands of Priam. He sent for Iris, and bids her seek out Thetis and bear his message.[2] Iris,[3] the "wing-footed," "storm-

[1] Il. xix. 1.

[2] Iris, who appears so often in the Iliad as the swift messenger of the gods, is not mentioned in the Odyssey.

[3] Il. xxiv. 77.

footed," "golden-winged" Messenger of the gods,[1] sped forth upon her errand, and, between Samothrace and rocky Imbros, leapt into the black sea, and the waters closed above her with a noise. She found Thetis in a hollow cave, sitting in the midst of the other sea-goddesses, wailing for the fate of her noble son. The silver-footed one is greatly disturbed by the message of Zeus. "I shrink," she says, "from mingling among the Immortals, for I have countless woes of heart; yet go I will, nor shall his word be in vain, whatsoever he saith."

Then the noble goddess took to her a dark-hued robe, "no blacker raiment was there found than that," and followed Iris through the surging waves to the shore, whence they sped up to heaven. There the sad goddess sat down beside Father Zeus, "and Athene gave her place, and even Hera set a fair golden cup in her hand, and cheered her with words."

Zeus unfolds to her his purpose, and bids her tell her mighty son that the gods are wroth with him for refusing to give back the body of Hector.[2] Thetis obeys, and speeds darting from the peaks of Olympos. She found Achilles in his hut, still making grievous moan. She seats herself beside him, strokes his hand and soothes him, and delivers the message of the Thunderer. Thetis, of course, obeys, though she knows that the message will be unwelcome to her son.[3] She sat her down close beside him, and wailed over his and her own misery. "Not long," she said, "shalt thou be left alive to me; already death and forceful fate are standing

[1] Ποδάρκεμος, ἀελλόπος, χρυσόπτερος. Il. viii. 398; xxiii. 198; v. 353, 368.
[2] Il. xxiv. 3. [3] Il. xxiv. 126.

As the Iliad ends with the
Hector, we are not allowed tc
of poor Thetis, when her dear s
so long foretold and prepared for

The worship of Thetis and
tinued in historical times. The
was regarded as belonging to th
Pthia was called Thetideion, after

[1] Eurip. Androm. 16–20; Str

CHAPTER XI

ANDROMACHE

THERE is not in all literature a more exquisite picture of a gentle, modest, and affectionate woman than that of Andromache, the loving spouse of the noble Hector, and mother of the little Astyanax. She has all the delicacy, sweetness and refinement, the heart and soul devotion to her husband and her child, which we only expect to find in periods of the best and highest civilisation. Her tenderness and tears, her sad and undeserved fate, fill us with an unwonted pathos, and we feel angry with the gods for laying such a weight of misery on such a tender and innocent soul. We see her only twice in the Iliad, and yet how fully we seem to know her, and how warmly we love her!

Andromache was born in Thebe, under woody Plakos, in the house of Eëtion, her father,[1] the king of Kilikia, from which "glorious Hector of the glancing helmet" led her forth, "having given bride-gifts untold."[2]

After a conference with the penitent Helen—who admires and loves him as much as she really despises the weak and worthless Paris—Hector goes on to seek his dear wife in his "well-founded house." He found

[1] Il. vi. 395; viii. 187. [2] Il. xxii. 472.

ANDROMACHE.

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to the grave if I lose it

wasted the populous city of the Kilikians, even high-gated Thebe, and slew Eëtion; yet he despoiled him not, for his soul had shame of that, but he burnt him in his inlaid armour, and raised a barrow over him, and all about were elm trees, planted by the mountain nymphs, daughters of ægis-bearing Zeus. And the seven brothers that were mine . . . all these the fleet-footed, goodly Achilles slew amid their kine of trailing gait, and white-fleeced sheep. And my mother, that was queen beneath woody Plakos, he brought hither with the other spoils, but afterward took a ransom untold to set her free; but in her father's halls she was smitten by the archer Artemis. Nay, Hector, thou art to me father and lady mother, yea, and brother, even as thou art my blooming husband. Come now, have pity, and abide here upon the tower, lest thou make thy child an orphan, and me a widow."

Hector answers as only the brave warrior and the patriot should or could: "I do take thought of all these things, my wife, but I have very sore shame of the Trojans, and Trojan dames with trailing robes, if, like a coward, I shrink away from battle. Moreover, mine own soul forbiddeth me, for I have learnt ever to be valiant, and fight in the forefront of the Trojans. . . . Surely I know this in my heart and soul. The day shall come for holy Ilios to be laid low, and the folk of Priam of the goodly ashen spear. Yet doth the anguish of the Trojans hereafter not so much trouble me, neither Hekabe's, neither King Priam's, neither my brethren's . . . as doth *thine* anguish in the day when some mail-clad Achaian shall lead thee away weeping,

taming Trojans, when men fou

So spake glorious Hector, a
to his boy. But the child shra
of his fair-girdled nurse, disma
aspect, and in dread of the bro
that he saw nodding fiercely
"Then his dear father laugh
mother; forthwith glorious Hect
his head and laid it, all gleaming
kissed he his dear son, and da
and prayed to Zeus and all the
ye gods, vouchsafe that this my s
even as I, pre-eminent amid the
in might, and be a great king in
say of him, "Far greater is he t
returneth home from battle.'" [2]

[1] Il. vi. 440. See his address to his follow
your firm companies, at the ships, and whosoe
blow, and meeteth death and fate, so let hi
thing for him to fall fighting for his country
after him are safe, and his house unharmed."

"So spake he, and laid his son in his dear wife's arms, and she took him to her fragrant bosom. And her husband had pity as he looked on her, and caressed her with his hand, and called her by her name. Dear one! I pray thee be not over sorrowful; no man against my fate can hurl me to Hades. . . . But go thou to thine house, and see to thine own tasks, the loom and the distaff, and bid thy maidens ply their work; but for war shall men provide, and I in chief of all men that abide in Ilios."[1] Then the noble pair separate, never to meet again in life!

Even in that dread hour we see that Andromache preserves the moderation (*αἰδώς*)[2] of the Greek woman. Of course, she could not but pray him to abide within the impregnable walls of holy Ilios, and not to go forth to certain death, for the fate of all three hung upon his decision. But she must have known in her heart of hearts that a Hector could not yield to her prayer. Had he done so he would no longer have been *her* Hector, nor the great ensample of honour to her boy. After the natural inevitable outpouring of her despair, she quietly returns home with her little son, to attend, according to her lord and master's bidding, to *her* tasks, as he was doing to his own. We hear and see nothing more of the afflicted wife and mother until her worst fears are more than realised, and the dread cry rings through the doomed city—"The noble Hector is slain!" She was weaving a double purple web, and

[1] Il. vi. 483.

[2] *Ζηνὶ σύνθακος θρόνων αἰδώς.*—Soph. O.C. 1268. (*Αἰδώς*, assessor of the throne of Zeus.)

Suddenly she hears the shri
in-law Hekabe from the bat
reeled, and the shuttle fell from
Then she bids two of her maic
towers, where she stood still a
adored husband dragged thro
horses towards the hollow sl
shrouded her eyes, she fell bacl
her spirit."[2]

Recovering from her swoon
head the bright attire, frontlet (
φαλον) and woven band (πλεκτ
precious veil (κρήδεμνον), which
given her when Hector of the gl
forth from the palace of Eëtion
deep sobs, she cried: "O Hect
fate, then, were we both born,
house of Priam, and I in Thebe,
in the house of Eëtion, who re
one. Ah! would he had not beg
to the house of Hades, beneath

shalt thou profit him, Hector, since thou art dead, neither he thee."

Once again we meet with the bereaved Andromache, at the funeral rites of Hector, after his body had been ransomed from Achilles by the aged Priam. Among the white-armed Trojan women, Andromache, in right of her precedence as wife of Hector, led the lamentation, while in her hands she held his head. "Husband, thou art gone young from life, and leavest me a widow in thine halls. And the child is yet but a little one; nor, methinks, shall he grow up to manhood; for ere then shall this city be utterly destroyed. For thou art verily perished who didst watch over it and guard it, and keep safe its noble wives and infant little ones. These soon shall be voyaging in the hollow ships, yea, and I too with them; and thou, my child, shalt either go with me unto a place where thou shalt toil at unseemly tasks, labouring before the face of some harsh lord; or else some Achaian will take thee by the arm and hurl thee from the battlements,[1] for that he is wroth because Hector slew his brother, or father, or son. For no light hand had thy father in the grievous fray. Therefore the folk lament him throughout the city, and woe unspeakable and mourning hast thou left to thy parents, Hector, but with me chiefliest shall grievous pain abide. For neither didst thou stretch forth thy hands from a bed when thou wert dying, neither didst thou speak to me some memorable word that I might have thought on evermore, as my tears fall night and day."[2]

[1] According to later tradition, this was done at the suggestion of Odysseus or Neoptolemos.

[2] Il. xxiv. 723.

...lowed it for us, and v
The "Captive Andromache" is
ful and touching picture by
Leighton, and is fresh in the

HELEN.

Helen, daughter of Zeus an
and Polydeukes. Her epithets
ἐκγεγαυῖα (sprung from Zeus),
γυναικῶν (noblest of women), Ἑ
καλλῖπάρηος (fair-cheeked), λευ
ἠΰκομος (fair-haired), τανύπεπλος
ῥῖγεδανή (whose name one shudde

Helen was chosen by Aphrod
reward for the preference shown
judgment of the three goddes
fearful evils to the Trojans res
gression and her presence in th
shown to her by them is ...

δαὴρ[1] (brother-in-law), and she ranks third among the noble Trojan dames, after Hekabe and Andromache.

Although she was the apparent cause of the war, so fatal to both Greeks and Trojans, she is generally spoken of with sympathy and compassion. Even Priam, who had most to lose by the war—his sons and daughters, his royal rank, and vast possessions—addresses her in affectionate terms. When she appears on the walls, he says, "Come hither, dear child, and sit by me, that thou mayst behold thy former husband, kinsfolk, and friends. I hold *thee* not to blame; nay, I hold the gods to blame, who brought on us this dolorous war of the Achaians."[2] Hector, too, that true gentleman, always treats her with kindness and respect. Even the pattern of all faithful wives, Penelope, excuses her, and attributes her action to a hostile god.[3]

Of her entrancing beauty it is impossible to speak in adequate terms. It has been the favourite dream and theme of countless generations of men, but no writer has raised our conception of it to such a height as Homer himself. His method is simple, but singularly effective. He does not, like modern poets and novelists, give details of her various charms. We know not whether she was dark or fair, her eyes blue, black, or grey. He does not attempt to describe her charms, but he shows us their *effect*, and every one is left to find his own Helen in his own surroundings. We doubt whether even her portrait by Zeuxis, "evolved, of course, from his inner consciousness," would have satisfied us.

[1] Il. vi. 144. [2] Il. iii. 161. [3] Od. xx. 222.

" like grasshoppers on a tree in
lily-like voice." There was pr
who had not lost son, broth
bloody war—not one who did
holy Troy, his native city, and
and children. And yet, such w
influence of her dazzling and l
they can see nothing for the r
loveliness of the woman befor
Helen coming to the tower, foll
maids, Aithre and ox-eyed Klym
winged words one to another."

"Small blame is it that Trc
Achaians should, *for such a wo*
hardships; marvellously like to t
is she to look upon."[2]

Reason, of course, quickly r
they add: "But even so—such a
her depart in the black ships, anc
to us and to our children."

Though Helen

Priam with a very touching humility. "Reverend art thou to me, and dread, dear father of my lord. Would that sore death had been my pleasure when I followed thy son hither, and left my home and my kinsfolk, and my daughter in her girlhood, and the lovely companions of my own age. That was not to be, therefore I pine with weeping."[1]

We see that she had long discovered the utter

HARPY TOMB IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

worthlessness of her brilliant lover, whom she sees to be devoid of all sense of wrong or shame. Her admiration—or was it love?—for the noble Hector is a sign of the correctness of her judgment and the essential goodness of her heart. When the great hero goes to seek Paris in Helen's chamber, and urges him to take

[1] Il. iii. 172.

his proper part in a war in which the people were perishing about the city for his unworthy sake, he has a brief conference with Helen, whom he treats with the gentlest courtesy. "My brother," she says, "mine, that am a dog, mischievous and abominable, would that on the day when my mother bare me an evil storm-wind had caught me away to a mountain or a billow of the loud-resounding sea! . . . Would that I had been mated with a better man, that felt dishonour and the multitude of men's reproaches! As for him, neither hath he a sound heart now, nor ever will have. But come thou and sit upon this bench, my brother, since thy heart chiefly trouble has encompassed for the sake of me that am a dog, and for Alexandros' sin." [1] She has fully recognised what a fatal gift beauty may be. Compare Eurip. Hel. 27 and 304 :—

"Τοὐμὸν δὲ κάλλος, εἰ καλὸν τὸ δυστυχές."

"My beauty, for what is beauteous oft
Is most unhappy."

Hector answers her with kindly words: "Bid me not sit, Helen, of thy love, for my heart is set to succour the men of Troy. . . . But do thou rouse this fellow, while I go into my house to behold my dear wife and my infant boy, for I know not whether I shall ever return to them again." [2]

In the last book of the Iliad we find her among the Trojan women at the official solemn wailing by the lofty pyre on which lay the body of the noble Hector. When his wife, Andromache, and his mother, Hekabe,

[1] Il. iii. 343. [2] Il. iii. 59.

had exercised their right of precedence, then, in the third place, Helen led the sore lament. "Hector, of all my brethren in Troy by far the dearest to my heart! Truly my lord is godlike Alexandros, who brought me hither to Troyland. Would that I had died ere then. For this now is the twentieth year since I came thence, but never yet heard I an evil or despiteful word from thee. Nay, if haply any other upbraided me in the palace halls, whether brother or sister, or brother's fair-robed wife, or mother—but thy father was ever kind to me, as if he were mine own—then wouldst thou soothe them by the gentleness of thy spirit, and by thy kindly words. Therefore bewail I thee with anguish of heart, and my hapless self with thee; for no more is any left in Troyland to be kind to me, but all men shudder at me."[1]

Homer, of course, tells us nothing of the fate of Helen between the death of Hector and the fall of Troy. After that event, no doubt, she was at once delivered up to her lawful husband, Menelaos. He, with a wise charity, knowing that she was the victim of Aphrodite and the Fates, receives her back with all love and honour, and in the Odyssey we find her reinstated in her former home in Sparta. For the meeting of Menelaos and Helen, see Hel. 622 :—

> "*Men.* Fate now is kind; once more I hold my wife,
> Daughter of Jove and Leda."

Menelaos is represented to us as a man of mild, benevolent, and cautious temper, inferior to some of

[1] Il. xxiv. 762.

Yet his soul is thoroughly
outrage committed by Par
and hearth, and is ready tc
get Helen back. "Yea," h
Peisandros, whom he had
reproof and shame . . . ye
fear in your hearts of th
thundering Zeus, the god of
that wantonly carried away
were entertained by her!"[2]

He does not make Helen
but evidently takes the sar
misfortunes as Priam, Hector,
only her radiant beauty that
consort for him. She was th
the Egyptian Proteus prophes
to his country on that accoun
of Zeus, art not ordained to
Argos . . . for thou hast Hel
men deem thee the son of Zeus

His return home had be

their ewes yean thrice a year.[1] After a woeful wandering of more than seven years he reached his home, bringing with him his rich Trojan booty and other spoil, and, no doubt, Helen herself, the precious prize of a ten years' bloody war.

When Telemachos goes to Sparta in search of his lost father, Odysseus, he is received with the utmost kindness and hospitality by Menelaos and Helen in their splendid palace. As the son of Odysseus enters the lofty mansion, he expresses his astonishment and delight to his companion, Peisistratos: "Son of Nestor, delight of my heart, mark the flashing of bronze through the echoing halls, the lustre of gold and of amber, of silver and of ivory! Such, methinks, is the court of Olympian Zeus within, for the world of things that are here; wonder comes upon me as I look upon it!"

Menelaos, who overhears him, modestly declines to compete with Zeus, "whose mansions and treasures are everlasting," but evidently thinks that no mortal man can vie with him in splendour.

While Menelaos is pondering these things in his mind and in his heart, "Helen comes forth from her high-roofed, fragrant chamber, like Artemis of the golden arrows."[3] She is attended by three maidens, of whom Adrastë places for her her well-wrought chair, Alcippë bears a rug of soft wool, and Phylo a silver basket, which Alcandrë, the wife of Polybos of Thebes in Egypt, had given to Helen. Alcandrë also gave her a golden distaff, and a silver basket with wheels beneath, "and the rims thereof were of gold. And beneath was

[1] Od. iv. 85. [2] Od. xiv. 71. [3] Od. iv. 120.

great-hearted Odysseus—Te
a new-born babe, when for t
less one, the Achaians came b

Then Menelaos recalls, ir
converse he had held with Od
whom," he says, "nought w
friendship and in joy, ere tl
overshadowed us."[2]

"So spake he, and stirred ir
tation. Helen wept, the daug
machos wept, and Menelaos, th
the son of Nestor keep tearless

But the prudent Menelaos
us now cease from weeping, an
of our supper."

The beauteous Helen, now
a still more powerful sedative o
daughter of Zeus, turned to n
a drug[3] into the wine whereof
lull all pain and anger, and tc
every sorrow. . . ."

men slew his brother or dear son with the sword before his face . . . medicines of such virtue and so helpful had the daughter of Zeus, which Polydamna, the wife of Thou, had given her, a woman of Egypt, where Earth, the grain-giver, yields herbs in greatest plenty, many that are healing, and many baleful."[1]

Helen then exhorts them to sit down and feast, and take joy in the telling of tales; and she herself leads off with an account of the daring exploit of Odysseus, when he entered Troy in the guise of a beggar.[2] She recognised him when she was about to bathe him and anoint him with oil, but promised not to betray him.

When Telemachos takes leave on his departure, she shows him a quite motherly affection, and loads him with costly gifts. "She stood by the coffers in the treasury, wherein her robes of curious needlework were laid, which she herself had wrought. And the divine lady lifted one and brought it out, the widest and most beautifully wrought of all, and it shone like a star.[3] 'Lo, I give thee this gift, dear child, a memorial of the hands of Helen, for thy wife to wear, against the day of thy desire, even of thy marriage. Meanwhile let it lie by thy mother in her chamber.'"

As Telemachos was leaving the palace, an eagle with a great white goose in its claws flew forth at his right hand, drew near him, and flew off to the right across the horses. Menelaos was puzzled by the portent, and pondered thereon how he should interpret it. But Helen assumes at once the functions of an augur. "Hear *me*," she said, "and I will prophesy as the

[1] Od. iv. 220. [2] Od. iv. 249. [3] Od. xv. 104.

... were a god.

HELEN PURSUED BY

And here we see our last c
leave her in the greatest prospe
kindly nature in speeding the
had so royally entertained,
the future. W

beauty, already celebrated through the world for some three thousand years, her consummate elegance of form and movement, her keen appreciation of all that was good and noble in her surroundings, her gratitude for sympathy and kindness, and, above all, her sweet, penitential remorse for her past transgression, render her one of the most interesting and charming figures in ancient history.[1]

It is not only the sages of the Old World whose imagination has been excited to fever heat by the Homeric Helen. How often has the dull *Studirzimmer* of aged German scholars been brightened by her presence! And in our own country we see the effect of her charms in the writings of Mr. Gladstone, an ardent Homerologist.[2] Speaking of Helen, he says: "No one forming his estimation of Helen could fall into the gross error of looking upon her as a type of a depraved character." And yet this "gross error" *was* committed by Virgil.[3] In some rather suspected lines Æneas calls her—

> "Trojæ et patriæ communis Erinnys."

> "Curse to the land that had housed her, and curse
> to the land of her birth."

and would have slain her in his wrath, but is checked by his mother, Venus—

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[1] *Cf.* the *Encomium Helenæ* of Isocrates, 61; and the *Epithalamium* of Theocritus.

[2] *Juventus Mundi*, p. 593.

[3] Æneid, ii. 573.

And what is more surpris
the same unfavourable vie
refined and elegant schola
that "she is the female cou
unprincipled votaries of sens
still worse at the hands of t
her an adulteress under he
Hekabe of Euripides,[2] too,
Compare Eurip. Androm. 103

"Οὐ γάμον ἀλλ

"A pest, and not a bride
The mischief-working

Mr. Gladstone sums up h
almost exaggerated panegyric
he says, "and self-renouncin
perhaps, than any other heath
of Christian penitence"!

[1] Lord Bowen's Translation

CHAPTER XII

HELEN—*continued*

A GREAT deal of what seems to us very futile discussion has been raised, both in ancient and modern times, respecting the extraordinary duration of Helen's beauty. Lucian, in his cynical way, says that she was by no means so fair as was generally imagined. He makes Gallus (the Cock) say that he had seen her more than once; that "she was *tolerably* fair, and long-necked enough to pass for the daughter of a swan; that she was then an old woman, not much younger than old Hekabe. How could it be otherwise," he adds, "since she was carried off in her younger days by Theseus, and lived with him at Aphidna?" Bayle,[2] in his *Diction. Critique*, calculates that she must have been at

PARIS LEADING HELEN AWAY.

[1] Gallus, 17.

[2] Art. "Helene."

trustworthy biography. B
poet, a romancer. If it lay
the interest of his poem, t
ever at fifty or sixty, he cer
a moment to do so. And
the poet, there is the omn
throughout the Epics bestov
whom they will. Moreover
of Zeus!

We have endeavoured t
Helen as it was moulded by
we have seen, very different
actions were taken by later wi
Homer drew it, have gather
which destroy its fair propor
We should fail to say how ma
from the narrative of Homer
worthy traditions of long b
most curious of these is one w
web which Helen was weavi
summon her to see the duel

thereon many battles of horse-taming Trojans and mail-clad Achaians, that they had endured for her sake at the hands of Ares."

Now we read in the Scholia of Venice on this passage, that from the scenes embroidered on this web, the divine Homer took the greater part of his history of the Trojan war, "as saith Aristarchus *ὁ Ὁμηρικός*."[1]

While, on the one hand, we have seen how badly Helen fared at the hands of some post-Homeric writers, we observe, on the other, the eagerness with which many later authors strove to exonerate her from all sin whatever.[2]

Much is made of the expression in Homer, *ἁρπάξας*[3] (having snatched thee), used by Paris. Stesichorus of Himera (632 B.C.), in his Palinodia, declares that Helen did not elope to Troy, but that Paris only carried off an *εἴδωλον* (a counterfeit image),[4] and this idea is partly adopted by Euripides.[5] Herodotus[6] tells us that the

[1] See Appendix XVI.

[2] Four Encomia were written on Helen, by Gorgias, Polycrates, Isocrates, and Anaximenes.

[3] Il. iii. 344.

[4] See Appendix XVII.

[5] Electra, 1283. *Cf.* Helena, 582 and 670:—

"*Οὐκ ἦλθον εἰς γῆν Τρωάδ' ἀλλ' εἰδωλον ἦν.*"

"*I* never went to Troy; my image went."

Helena, 33:—

"*δίδωσι δ' οὐκ ἐμ' ἀλλ' ὁμοίωσας ἐμοι*
Εἴδωλον ἔμπνουν οὐρανοῦ ξυνθαισ' ἀπὸ."

"But Juno, for her slighted form,
Indignant, frustrates his fond hope, and gives
Not me, but what resembling me, she formed,
A breathing image of ætherial air,
To royal Priam's son."

[6] Euterpe, 42.

Spartans always maintained the chastity of Helen, to whom they erected a temple at Therapnæ, where matrons prayed for beauty for their daughters. Dion Chrysostom, addressing the inhabitants of Ilium, tries to prove that Troy had never been taken by the Greeks, and that Helen was the legitimate wife of Paris.

PENELOPE

For centuries the well-known type of the devoted wife, faithful through long years of uncertainty as to the fate of her husband Odysseus, though surrounded by high-born and persistent wooers.

Penelope was the daughter of Icarios and Peribœa, and wife of "the wily Odysseus," who is said, contrary to the usual custom, to have obtained her hand with a large dowry and without bridal gifts. Her epithets are ἐχέφρων (sensible), περίφρων (careful), ἄπυστος (unheard of, retiring), and all her actions and words bespeak a thoughtful, prudent nature.

Homer has drawn her portrait with a loving as well as a skilful hand, and though she does not excite our interest in the same degree as an Andromache or a Helen, we regard her with esteem and admiration. Her position is difficult in the extreme. Odysseus, at his departure for the fatal war before Troy, being well aware of the perils he would have to undergo, exhorts her thus: "When thou seest thy son a bearded man, marry whom thou wilt, and leave thine own house."

In the Odyssey she is really under the tutelage

(*mundium*) of her son Telemachos, and he is continually called upon by the suitors to exercise his lawful authority over her, and compel her to choose one of the Ithacan princes. "For all the noblest that are princes in the Isles, in Dulichium and Same and wooded Zacynthus, and as many as lord it in rocky Ithaca, all these," says Telemachos, "woo my mother and waste my house."[1] Specially mentioned of these are Eurymachos, "who outdid the others in gifts," and Ctesippos of Same, "a man of lawless heart, who trusted in his vast possessions."[2] These princes, "flown with insolence," hope to hasten her decision by entering the palace of Odysseus and living there at free quarters. She is, as it were, put up to auction, and it is agreed among the suitors that she is to go with the highest bidder. Their constant cry to Telemachos is: "Bid thy mother wed the man who gives the most gifts, and comes as the chosen of fate."[3] "Send away thy mother, and bid her be married to whomsoever her father commands, and whoso is well pleasing to her."[4]

Telemachos by no means denies that he has the right to dispose of his mother's hand. He knows, and on some occasions exercises, his power. Rather harshly, when she had gone down into the hall of the men, and begged the minstrel cease from chanting the sad tale of the Trojan war, he orders her "to go to her chamber and mind her own housewiferies, the loom and the distaff, and bid her handmaids ply their tasks."[5] "But speech," he adds, "shall be for men,

[1] Od. i. 245. [2] Od. xx. 286. [3] Od. xxi. 162.
[4] Od. ii. 112. [5] Od. i. 356.

mother's marriage; nay
what man she will, and I o
But I do, indeed, feel sham
the hall, despite her will. G
ever be."[1] And again to A
wise be that I should thrus
against her will, the woman
me."[2]

Nor has she any support,
remain true to the memory
father or brothers, who all ex
machos, "for he outdoes all
sents." She herself is hopele
She tells the disguised Odys
with the web has been betraye
I can neither escape the marria
counsel, and my parents are in
and my son chafes, while thes
hood."[3]

There is a tendency on th
to *dénigrer* the constancy of

dition, which imperatively pointed out to her, as a clear duty, to give herself to the wealthiest suitor; the parting injunction of her husband; the evident wish of her son; the advice of her father and brothers; and the persistent courtship of the suitors, who claimed her hand by a generally acknowledged right. Yet for twenty long years, without any tidings from her absent husband to encourage her, she resisted all these potent influences. When it seemed to all men certain that Odysseus had long been dead, and she had no excuse to make except her longing for "the perfect excellence" of the husband of her youth, who shall blame her for cajoling her persecutors with false hopes, and delaying, by the artifice of the web, the hated marriage for a few years longer? The suitors complain, saying, "She gives hopes to all, and makes promises to every man, and sends messages to them, but her mind is set on other things," *i.e.* on keeping her troth to the very last. Of course she *does* deceive them.

"Ye princely youths," she says, addressing the assembled wooers, "now that the goodly Odysseus is dead, do ye abide patiently, how eager soever to speed on this marriage, till I finish the robe." But one of her women, who knew all, betrayed her, and the suitors caught her in the act of unravelling by torchlight the work she had finished during the day.

That the suitors eagerly desired her for her beauty, her wisdom, and her skill in embroidery, is evident through the whole of the Odyssey. They compare her to Artemis or golden Aphrodite. Their hearts swell with joy at the sight of her. Eurymachos, the best of the

PENELOPE.

thou dost surpass all women in h

Cytherea is anointed when she goes to the lovely dance of the Graces [1]—and she goes down from her shining chamber to the hall, "their limbs are loosened," they are dazed and enchanted with love, and "each man uttered a prayer that he might be her husband." They place her above the most renowned heroines of antiquity—above Tyro, Alcmene, and "Mykene of the bright crown." [2]

But it was not only her great beauty and manifold accomplishments that made her a desirable consort. Now that Odysseus was no more, and Telemachos too young to wield his father's sceptre over the chiefs of Ithaca and the Isles, the husband of Penelope might reasonably hope to succeed to the γέρας, the suzerainty over the other princes which had been enjoyed by Odysseus himself.

After Odysseus had slain Antinoos with the first arrow from his terrible bow, Eurymachos tries to lay all the blame on *him*. He tells Odysseus that Antinoos was the cause of all the wrongdoing of the suitors; "not," he adds, "so greatly longing for the marriage, nor needing it sore, but that he might himself be king over all the land of stablished Ithaca; and he was to have lain in wait for thy son to kill him." [3]

Penelope shows high courage, as well as prudence and patient endurance. She bravely defends Telemachos against the suitors, and sharply rebukes Telemachos himself for allowing his guest (Odysseus in disguise of a beggar) to be evil entreated in the halls.[4] "Antinoos," she says, "full of all insolence, deviser of mischief! and

[1] Od. xviii. 193.
[2] Od. ii. 120.
[3] Od. xxii. 49.
[4] Od. xvi. 418.

had been saved from the wrath
Odysseus, who received him as a s
thou now consumest unatoned f
wooest, and wouldst slay his son"

But though she struggles w
against fearful odds, she knows
doomed. "The night shall come,
hateful marriage shall find me ou
whose good hap Zeus has taken aw

When the artifice of the web
up all hope, all resistance. "She t
mighty bow from the treasure-chaml
set the case upon her knees, and cri
Then bringing forth the bow, she
announcement, little knowing that it
to whom she is confiding her resolve
to ordain for a trial the axes whicl
up in his halls, twelve in all; and
apart, and shoot his arrow through
Whoso then shall most easily strin
through the rings of all twelve axes

But though she reluctantly gives up the long, long, apparently hopeless struggle, and submits to fate, her love is unshaken. The memory of her lost husband is dearer to her than any of the lordly youths who seek her favour with gifts untold. She longs for death, as the only escape from marriage with another. "Would that the spirits of the storm would snatch me from the sight of men, or that fair-tressed Artemis would strike me with her gentle darts, that so, with a vision of Odysseus before my eyes, I might even pass beneath the gloomy earth, nor ever make a baser man's delight." [1]

Like another Niobe, her tears cease not day or night. "I will go," she says to Telemachos, "up to my chamber, and lay me in my bed, the place of my groanings, that is ever watered by my tears, since the day that Odysseus departed with the sons of Atreus for Ilios." [2]

We are surprised and somewhat disappointed by Odysseus's long delay in making himself known to his despairing wife. Athene herself, his guide and counsellor, rebukes him for his excessive caution. "Right gladly," she says, "would any other man, on his return from wandering, have hasted to behold his children and his wife in the halls. But thou hast no will to learn or to hear aught, till thou hast furthermore made trial of thy wife." [3]

Yet she approves of his caution in face of the danger from the suitors, and she aids him to conceal his identity by changing his person and dress to those of a loathsome beggar.

From the faithful swineherd Eumaios he learns the

[1] Od. xx. 77. [2] Od. xix. 594. [3] Od. xiii. 333.

state of affairs in his palace; and to him he first reveals himself. Then he makes himself known to his dear son, and the three together, with every precaution, "sow the seeds of evil for the suitors."

The swineherd, even before Odysseus had revealed himself, assures him of the constant, tearful devotion of his wife. He tells him how she receives every lying vagrant who may possibly bring news of her lost husband. "Whosoever comes straying to the land of Ithaca, goes to my mistress with words of guile. And she receives him kindly and lovingly, and inquires of all things, and the tears fall from her eyelids for weeping."[1]

The well-laid plans of the wily Odysseus, backed by the constant intervention of Athene, are completely successful, and the bloody tragedy of the slaughtered suitors is enacted. If any doubt could enter our minds of the entire freedom of Penelope from any *penchant* for any of her wooers, even for Amphinoos, "whose words more than all the rest were pleasing in her eyes," it must now be dispelled. When she hears of the ghastly massacre of the princes, of the hanging of the wicked maids, and the disgusting mutilation of the treacherous Melanthios, she summons Eurykleia and says: "Let us go, that I may see the wooers dead, and him that slew them."[2]

If Odysseus showed suspicious wariness on his return home, Penelope showed no less caution.[3] Right well did they deserve their epithets—he of πολυμήχανος (of many devices), and she of ἐχέφρων (prudent, reserved).

[illegible] xiv. 125. [2] Od. xxiii. 83. [3] Od. xxiii. 90.

Penelope's Excessive Caution

When she had come down from her chamber, to where her husband was, she debated in her mind whether she should sit apart and question him, or draw nigh and kiss his head and hands. Crossing the stone threshold, she sat down opposite to Odysseus in the light of the fire by the farther wall. Odysseus was sitting by the tall pillar, waiting to see whether his noble wife would speak to him. But she sat long in silence, for she knew him not, "for that he was clothed in vile raiment." Telemachos, astonished at her cold bearing, rebukes her: "Ill mother of ungentle heart, why turnest thou away from my father? . . . No other woman in the world would thus harden her heart to stand aloof from her lord, who after much travail had come to her in the twentieth year. But thy heart is harder than stone."[1]

There was some excuse for her. Odysseus, no doubt, was greatly changed in twenty years of war and travail by land and sea. She is still in doubt. "If this is indeed he," she said, "we shall be ware of one another, for we have tokens that we twain know, secret from all others."[2]

Odysseus, seeing that she remained obdurate, postpones the interchange of mutual confidences. "Leave now," he says to Telemachos, "thy mother to make trial within the halls, for now I go filthy, and am clad in vile raiment; wherefore she has me in dishonour, and will not allow that I am he."[3]

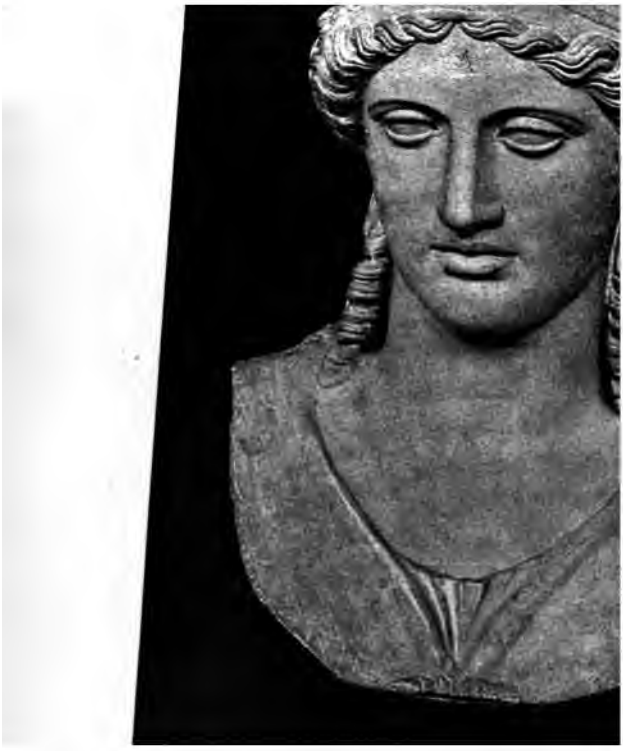
He and Telemachos then consult together how best to meet the formidable attack of the friends of the slaughtered suitors, whom he himself calls the best of all the noble youths of Ithaca.[4]

[1] Od. xxiii. 97. [2] Od. xxiii. 107. [3] Od. xxiii. 113. [4] Od. xxiii. 117.

shed grace about his head and shou
the bath he came in form like to th

Even now Penelope cannot lay
and Odysseus, sorely grieved, repro
lady, surely to thee, above all woma
have given a heart that cannot be so

The wise Penelope replies: "S
no proud thoughts, . . . but I kn
man thou wast when thou wentes
on the long-oared galley."[4] She
to spread for him a bed outside
that he had built himself. Then O
pleasure, exclaims: "Who has set
Hard would it be for any one, unle
set it in another place. Of men th
that could easily raise it, for a great
in the fashion of the bed, and it w
There was growing a bush of olive
court, and the stem was as large a
this I built the chamber, with ston
roofed it over well and added



thick-leaved olive, and rough-hewed the trunk upward from the root, and polished it with an adze, and so fashioned it into a bed-post. . . . Beginning from this head-post, I wrought at the bed till I had finished it, and made it fair with inlaid work of gold, and silver, and ivory; . . . and I would know, my lady, whether the bed be still in its place, or whether some man has cut away the stem of the olive tree, and set the bedstead otherwhere."[1]

Then at last she is convinced. "Her knees were loosened, and her heart melted within her, as she knew the sure tokens that Odysseus showed her. She broke into tears, ran straight up to him, cast her arms about him, and kissed his head"[2]—so welcome to her was the sight of her lord, and her white arms would never quite leave hold of his neck. "Be not thus angry with me because I did not welcome thee gladly, as I do now, when first I saw thee. For always my heart shuddered for fear lest some man should come and deceive me, for many there be that devise gainful schemes and evil."[3]

Herewith the perils of Odysseus, the sorrows of Penelope, are ended, and all is well as far as their relation to one another is concerned. He has still to meet the wrath of the friends of the dead suitors. This, as we have seen, was successfully accomplished by the help of Athene; and he can now look forward with hope to the fulfilment of the happy prophecy of Teiresias in Hades: "Thine own death shall come upon thee from the sea — a gentle death, which shall end

[1] Od. xxiii. 183. [2] Od. xxxiii. 205. [3] Od. xxiii. 213.

... resign her hopes ar
marriage. Her caution, when Oc
himself, appears to us excessive;
and fears are dispelled, she is fu
affection for the dear, sorely-mis
youth. Well does she deserve
Agamemnon's shade in Hades:
Laertes, Odysseus of many devic
most excellent hast thou gotten, so
of steadfast Penelope, daughter c
duly mindful of her gentle lord.
of her virtue shall never perish, bu
make a gracious song in the ears
the fame of steadfast Penelope."[2]

The question naturally arises i
Odysseus worthy of the devotion of
With many of his traits we of th
cannot sympathise; they are essen
prefer successful daring to successful
with dislike at the subtle wiles, the e
by which he carried out his crafty
for poison ...

of Penelope, amidst importunate and plundering wooers and a ruined household, with his seven years' sojourn in the beautiful cave and the lovely gardens of the charming nymph Calypso, and his long rest in the splendid halls of the seductive sorceress, the *vitrea* Circe.

On the other hand, we cannot but recognise in him the high and noble qualities of undaunted cŏurage and infinite resource—the skill to plan, the patience and the energy and valour to execute. In spite of his lingering, partly enforced perhaps—like another Tannhäuser in the Venusberg—in the enchanted grotto of Calypso, he loved his wife and country, and for them he left the arms of the lovely nymph, and refused the offer of immortal youth.[1] He knows how far superior is the lovely Nymph, "in form and fashion," to his mortal wife, whom he has not seen for twenty years; yet he is ready to risk all, to resign all, to face the anger of the gods and the treachery of men, for the mere chance of seeing her and his home again.

It is evident, too, that he had the power of winning the highest admiration and affection of both men and women. The women, indeed, are his devoted slaves. Not to mention Penelope—for the name of husband covers a multitude of sins—he is the favourite of Athene, he is loved by the demi-goddesses Calypso and Circe; his life is saved at a critical moment by the sea nymph Ino-Leucothea, who lends him her magic veil (*κρήδεμνον*), on which he floats safely to shore; and—greatest triumph of all—he is the first to stir the maiden heart of the lovely and innocent Nausicaa.

[1] Od. v. 136: *Θήσειν ἀθανάτον καὶ ἀγήραον ἤματα πάντα.*

Telemachos, says
now, in good truth, there has com
son of a friend indeed, who for m
trials. And I thought to welcome
more nobly than all the other Argi
Zeus of the far-borne voice had vc
over the sea in our swift ships. .
would have given him a city to dwe
for him a house, and brought hin
with his substance and his son, and
Then ofttimes would we have held
nought would have parted us in ou
joys, ere the black cloud of death
Howsoever, the god himself must
thereof, who from that hapless mar
returning."[1]

[1] Od. iv. 168.

CHAPTER XIII

HEKABE

DAUGHTER of Dymas, king of Phrygia, wife of Priam, mother of the great Hector and Paris and seventeen other sons and daughters. The only epithet applied to her by Homer is ἠπιόδωρος (bountiful). She is almost exclusively the *mother*, pious, tender-hearted, and loving, yet a very tigress in defence of her children;[1] far more careful of the life than of the honour of her husband and her favourite son, the glorious Hector.

When Hector thinks it his duty to himself and his country to meet the terrible Achilles, she does all that she can, and far more than she ought, to turn him from his high resolve. If anything could have prevailed against his sense of honour, it would have been her piteous entreaties: "Then his mother wailed tearfully, loosening the folds of her robe, while with the other hand she bared her breast, and through her tears spake unto him winged words: 'Hector, my child! have regard unto this bosom, and pity me if ever I gave thee consolation of my breast. Think of it, dear child, and from this side of the wall drive back the foe, nor stand in front to meet him. He is merciless; if he slay thee,

[1] Il. xxiv. 212.

she gives to the priestess, the fair
lays them on the knees of the fair-i
her in piteous terms to have merc
the Trojans' wives and little childre
denied the prayer."[2] When he is
grief knows no bounds; "she tore
from her her shining veil (κρήδεμι
with an exceeding bitter cry."[3]

Life seems no longer dear to he
me! Wherefore should I live in m
dead, who night and day wert my bc
and a blessing to all, both men and
hailed thee as a god; for verily an
them wert thou in thy life."[4]

And again, at the official wailin
covered corpse, she leads the loud l
all my children far dearest to my
thou wert alive, dear wert thou to th
thy doom of death have they had a c

When Priam nobly resolves to gc
fierce slayer of his son and

to the Achaians more terrible than death itself—she does all that she can to deter him from the noble effort. "If it be my fate," he says, "to die by the ships of the mail-clad Achaians, so would I have it; let Achilles kill me with all speed, when once I have taken my son in my arms and given my sorrow vent." [1]

Hekabe treats him like a madman. "Woe is me," she cries, "whither is gone thy mind, whereby aforetime thou wert famous among strangers and among them thou rulest? How art thou fain to go alone to the ships of the Achaians, to meet the eyes of the man who hath slain full many of thy brave sons?" [2] Much as she loved her noble son, she can make no effort: "Let us sit in the hall, and make lament afar off. Even thus did forceful Fate erst spin for Hector with her thread at his beginning, when I bare him, even I, that he should glut the dogs far from his parents." [3]

We learn nothing, of course, from Homer of the subsequent fate of Hekabe. According to later writers she was made captive and slave by the Greeks after the fall of Troy. Euripides makes her witness of the sacrifice of her daughter Polyxena to the shade of Achilles,[4] and of the murder of her youngest son Polydoros by Polymestor, king of the Thracian Chersonesus, on whom she took a terrible vengeance. Polymestor, whose eyes she put out after slaying his two sons, prophesies that she should be metamorphosed into a she-dog, and should leap into the sea at Cynosema. According to Ovid this prophecy was fulfilled in Thrace, the inhabi-

[1] Il. xxiv. 224. [2] Il. xxiv. 201. [3] Il. xxiv. 210.
[4] Eurip. Hekabe, 40 and 1050; Virg. Æn. iii. 49; Ovid, Met. xiii. 443.

there is perhaps none so attra

KEY TO NOBLE MAIDENS.

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Nausicaa.
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"and hon
woman in
oured."[2]
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and from h
from all the folk, who look on her a

Nausicaa describes the blessed
lives to Odysseus, whom, as we s
from a lingering death by starva
breathes not who shall come will

TRAIN OF NOBLE MAIDENS.
(*From the Parthenon Frieze.*)

To face page 194.

the Phæacians, for they are very dear to the gods. Far apart we live, in the wash of the waves, the outermost of men, and no other mortals are conversant with us."[1]

For this reason, the Phæacians cared not for bow and quiver, but for masts and oars and gallant barques, and "their ships are as swift as the flight of a bird, or as thought." Nor do they need pilots[2] or rudders, after the manner of other ships, but "the barques themselves understand the thoughts and interests of men; they know the cities and fat fields of every folk, and swiftly they traverse the gulf of the salt sea, shrouded in mist and cloud, and never do they go in fear of wreck or ruin."

The palace of Alcinoos was worthy of the land, and of a monarch endowed with wisdom by the gods. "For there was a gleam as of the sun or moon through the high-roofed hall of the great-hearted Alcinoos. Brazen were the walls which ran this way and that from the threshold to the inmost chambers, and round them was a frieze of blue, and golden were the doors that closed in the good house. Silver were the door-posts that were set on the brazen threshold, and silver the lintel thereupon, and the hook of the door was of gold. And on either side stood golden hounds and silver, which Hephaistos wrought by his skill, to guard the palace, being free from death and age all their days. And within there were seats arranged this way and that against the wall, and thereon were spread light coverings, beautiful and

[1] Od. vi. 200. [2] Od. viii. 557.

finely woven, the handiwork of women. There the Phæacian chieftains were wont to sit eating and drinking, for they had continual store. Yea, and there were youths fashioned in gold, standing on firm-set bases, with flaming torches in their hands, giving light through the night to the feasters in the palace. And Alcinoos had fifty handmaids in the house, and some grind the yellow grain on the millstone, and others weave webs and turn the yarn, as they sit, restless as the leaves of the tall poplar-tree. For as the Phæacian men are skilful beyond all others in driving a ship, so are the women the most cunning at the loom, for Athene hath given them notable wisdom in all fair handiwork and cunning wit."[1]

We have also a description of the gardens in which the childhood of the lovely Nausicaa was passed. "Without the courtyard, hard by the door, is a great garden of four ploughgates,[2] and a hedge runs round on either side. And there grow tall trees, blossoming—pear-trees, and pomegranates, and apple-trees, with bright fruit, and sweet figs and olives in their bloom. The fruit of these trees never perisheth, never faileth, winter or summer. Evermore the west wind brings some fruits to birth and ripens others; pear upon pear wax old, and apple on apple; yea, and cluster on cluster of the grape, and fig upon fig. There, too, hath he a fruitful vineyard planted. . . . There, too, skirting the farthest line, are all manner of garden beds, planted trimly, that are fresh continually; and therein are two fountains of water, whereof one

[1] Od. vii. 84. [2] Πλῆθρα, as much as a man can plough in a day.

scatters his streams all about the garden, and the other runs over against it, beneath the threshold of the court-yard, and issues by the lofty house; and thence did the townsfolk draw water. These were the splendid gifts of the gods in the palace of Alcinoos."[1]

As we read of the splendours of Alcinoos' mansion, with its brazen walls, its costly furniture, and its golden vessels, we might fancy ourselves in the gorgeous palace of some Assyrian or Phœnician despot, which it resembles in its conventional style and brilliant colouring. The gold and silver dogs remind us of the Egyptian Sphinx, the Chaldæan bulls and lions, the colossal Assyrian beasts with human heads. The golden torch-bearers are reminiscences of the architectural figures of Oriental art, and do not by any means imply the existence of the art of independent sculpture in the heroic age of Greece. Homer makes no mention of statues proper. The idol of Athene in Troy was not a statue, but a mere idol,[2] like the shapeless, black, wooden Virgin Mary, which fell down from heaven. Nor are there any traces of temples before the Dorian migration; nor do we find remains of them at Mykenai, Tiryns, or Hissarlik. The gods were worshipped at altars reared in the midst of woods. The stone threshold of Phœbos Apollo in rocky Pytho is twice mentioned in Homer.[3] We do indeed read of a temple of Athene in Troy, to which Homer has given a somewhat Oriental colouring. The temples of a later age on Greek soil were all of Oriental origin.

[1] Od. vii. 102. [2] Helbig, Epos, 336, 371.
[3] Il. ix. 404; Od. viii. 79.

Such were the surroundings in which Nausicaa was reared under wise and affectionate parents, in comfort, and even splendour, rejoicing in the free life of the country, conscious of the favour and protection of the gods, whom she was accustomed to see as guests in her father's house.

Nausicaa plays a most important and decisive part in the life of Odysseus, as he in hers. She is employed by Athene to save him from impending death, and to set him well on his way towards his longed-for home.

The fair Calypso, as we know, had furnished him with the means of constructing a raft, which she stocked with food and wine and "all manner of dainties," and sent forth a warm and gentle wind to blow. For ten and seven days he traversed the deep, with his eyes ever fixed on the constellation of the Wain, and keeping it to the left, according to the instructions of Calypso; and "on the eighteenth day appeared the shadowy hills of the land of the Phæacians." [1]

But his inveterate foe the god Poseidon,[2] whom he had offended by blinding the son of the god, the mighty Cyclops, beheld him from the mountains of the Solymi. "He gathered the clouds and troubled the waters, grasping his trident in his hands. And he roused all storms of all manner of winds, and shrouded in clouds the land and the sea, and down sped night from heaven." Then were his knees loosened, his heart melted, and he longed for death. "Thrice blessed," he cries, "are those Danaans, yea, four times blessed, who perished on a time in wide Troy. . . . Would to God that I too

[1] Od. v. 277. [2] Od. v. 282.

had died, . . . when the press of Trojans cast their bronze-shod spears upon me, fighting for the body of the son of Peleus. Then should I have gotten my dues of burial, and the Achaians would have spread my fame."[1]

In this extremity he is seen by Ino-Leucothea "of the fair ankles," daughter of Kadmos, who in times past was a maiden of mortal speech, but now in the depths of the salt sea had gotten her share of worship from the gods. Like all the goddesses and women whom he meets with, she takes pity on Odysseus. "Do as I tell thee," she says. "Cast off thy garments, and leave the raft to drift before the winds; but do thou swim, and strive to win a footing on the coast. Take this veil divine (*κρήδεμνον*) and wind it round thy breast; then there is no fear that thou suffer aught or perish. But when thou hast laid hold of the mainland, loose it from off thee and cast it into the wine-dark deep."[2]

Contrary to the injunctions of Ino-Leucothea, Odysseus clings to his raft, which, however, Poseidon quickly shatters, and leaves the wretched man sitting on a single plank. Then his guardian angel Athene again intervenes. "She binds up the courses of the other winds, and charged them all to cease and be still; but she roused the swift North wind, and brake the waves before him, that so he might avoid death and the Fates, and mingle with the Phæacians."[3]

Yet for two days and two nights more he was wandering in the swell of the sea, and much his heart

[1] Od. v. 305. [2] Od. v. 345. [3] Od. v. 382.

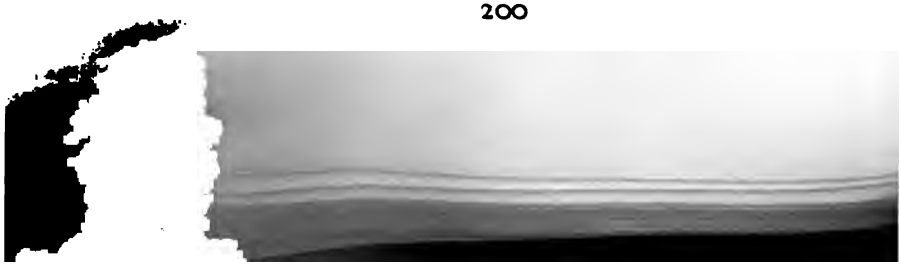
boded of death. But when at last the fair-tressed Dawn brought the light of the third day, the breeze fell, and there was a breathless calm." [1]

But his danger is not yet over. There was no landing-place from out of the grey waters. He rushes in and tries to clutch the jagged rock, but the backward wash leapt on him and cast him forth again into the deep. Once more he rose from the breakers and swam outside along the shore, ever looking landwards for a practicable landing-place. And fortune favoured him, for he soon came swimming over against the mouth of a fair-flowing river, smooth of rocks, and protected from the wind. And Odysseus felt the river running, and prayed to the river-god in his heart: "Hear me, O king, whosoever thou art; unto thee am I come, as to one to whom prayer is made. . . . Yea, reverend even to the deathless gods is that man who comes as a wanderer, as now I come to thy stream and to thy knees, after much travail. Pity me, O king, for I call myself thy suppliant." [2] The divine river heard him, and withheld his waves, and made the water smooth before him, and brought him safely to the mouth of the river.

But he lands in evil case. "His knees bowed and his stout hands fell, for his brave spirit was quelled by the brine. His flesh was all swollen, and the sea water gushed up through his mouth and nostrils." There he lay swooning, without breath or speech.[3]

Recovering from his swoon, he still sees fresh trouble and death before him. "If I watch in the river-bed

[1] Od. v. 388. [2] Od. v. 445. [3] Od. v. 454.



through the careful night, I fear that the bitter frost and fresh dew may overcome me. If I climb the hill-side to the shady wood, and take rest in the thickets, though, perchance, the cold and weariness may leave me, and sweet sleep come over me, I fear lest I fall a prey to the beasts."[1]

"But he went into the wood, and crept beneath twin bushes of olive, through which the force of the wet wind never blew, . . . so closely were the branches inter-twined—and heaped together a broad couch of fallen leaves, and laid himself in the midst thereof, and flung over himself the fallen leaves. And Athene shed sweet sleep upon his eyes, that it might release him from his weary travail."[2] There he lay, the patient, goodly Odysseus, foredone with toil and weariness.

Meanwhile Athene does not forget him. She went to the palace of the high-hearted Alcinoos,[3] and entered the rich-wrought bower wherein was sleeping a maiden, "like to the gods in form and comeliness," Nausicaa, the daughter of the king. Beside her, on either hand of the pillars of the door, were two handmaids, "dowered with beauty by the Graces," and the shining doors were shut. Fleet as the breath of the wind the goddess swept towards the couch of the maiden, and spake to her in the semblance of the daughter of Dymas, a girl of like age with Nausicaa, who had found favour in her sight. "Nausicaa, how hath thy mother so heedless a maiden to her daughter? Lo! thou hast shining raiment that lies uncared for, and thy marriage day is near at hand, when thou thyself must go beautifully clad, and

[1] Od. v. 465. [2] Od. v. 476. [3] Od. vi. 13.

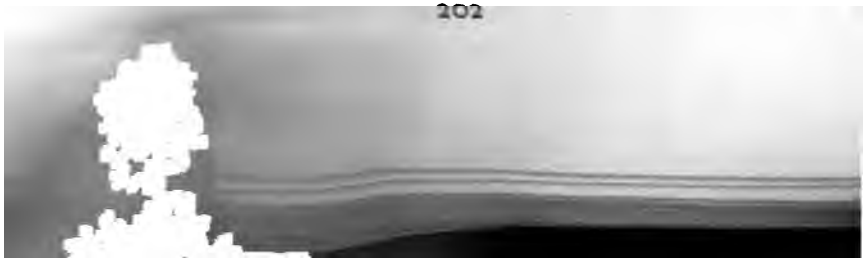
have garments to give to them who shall lead thee to the house of the bridegroom. . . . But come, let us arise and go a-washing with the break of day, and I will follow to be thy mate in the toil, that thou mayest get thee ready, since truly thou art not long to be a maiden. Lo! they are already wooing thee, the noblest youths of all the Phæacians. So come, beseech thy noble father to furnish thee with mules and a wain, to carry the men's raiment, and the robes and the shining coverlets." [1]

As soon as the rosy-fingered, throned Dawn had awakened the lovely Nausicaa she goes to her father, and asks for the mules and the wain, "that she might take the goodly raiment to the river; for," she said, "it is seemly that thou thyself, when among the princes in council, shouldst have fresh raiment to wear. Also there are five dear sons of thine in the halls . . . always eager for new-washed garments to go to the dances." [2] "This she said because she was ashamed to speak of glad marriage, but *he saw all.*"

Having stored the wain with food and wine, and soft olive oil which her mother gave her in a golden cruse, that she and her maids might anoint themselves after the bath, she climbed into her seat, took the whip and the shining reins, and touched the mules to start them. "She was not alone, for her attendant maidens followed with her." [3]

When they had come to the beautiful stream, they took the clothes from the wain, bore them to the black water, "and briskly trod them down in the trenches in

[1] Od. vi. 26. [2] Od. vi. 66. [3] Od. vi. 85.



busy rivalry."[1] When they had spread them on the shore, where the sea had washed the pebbles clean, they bathed and anointed themselves with olive oil, and then took their mid-day meal on the river's bank. Then the princess and her maidens fell to playing at ball, casting away their tires (*κρήδεμνα*); and the white-armed Nausicaa began the song:[2] "And as Artemis, the archer, moves down the mountain slopes of Taygetus or Erymanthus, taking her pastime in the chase of boars and deer, and with her the wild wood nymphs, the daughters of Zeus, disport themselves, while high over all she rears her head and brows, even so the girl unwed outshone her maiden company."

Meanwhile Athene is preparing the awakening of Odysseus, that he may see the lovely girl who is to save him from a cruel death. During the ball-play Nausicaa threw the ball with great force at one of her companions, but missed her, and it rolled away into the eddying current. The cry over the lost ball roused Odysseus from his leafy couch. "How shrill a cry of maidens rings around me, of the Nymphs that hold the steep hill-tops, and the river springs, and the grassy water-meadows! It must be that I am near men of human speech."[3]

Tormented by hunger, and nearly at the limit of endurance, he sees that he is now at the very crisis of his fate. Holding the leafy branch of a tree before him, he issues from the wood "like a lion of the hills," such need had come upon him. But when the maidens caught sight of this strange and terrible figure, wasted by hunger

[1] Od. vi. 92. [2] Od. vi. 102. [3] Od. vi. 122.

and all marred by the salt sea-foam, they fled cowering here and there about the jutting spits of the shore. The noble daughter of Alcinoos alone stood firm, for Athene gave her courage of heart, and took all trembling from her limbs, and she halted and stood over against Odysseus.[1]

Then the afflicted hero addresses her in a speech which is a very model of refined and persuasive eloquence. "I supplicate thee, O queen, whether thou art some goddess or a mortal! If thou art a goddess, to Artemis, then, I liken thee for beauty of stature and shapeliness; but if thou art of the daughters of men, thrice blessed are thy father, and thy lady mother, and thy brethren. Surely their hearts ever glow with gladness each time they see thee entering the dance, so fair a flower of maidens. But he is of heart the most blessed beyond all others who shall prevail with gifts of wooing, and lead thee to his home. Never have mine eyes beheld such an one among mortals; great awe comes upon me as I look on thee! Yet in Delos once I saw as goodly a thing, a young sapling of a palm-tree springing by the altar of Apollo. . . . Never yet there grew so goodly a shoot from ground; even in such wise do I wonder at thee, lady, and am astonied, and do greatly fear to touch thy knees, though grievous sorrow is upon me. . . . But, queen, have pity on me, for of the people who hold this city and land I know no one. Show me the town; give me an old garment, if thou hadst when thou camest hither a wrap for the linen. And may the gods grant thee all thy heart's desire, a husband and a home, and a mind

[1] Od. vi. 141.

at one with his—a good gift, for there is nothing mightier and nobler than when man and wife are of one heart and mind in the house, a grief to their foes, and to their friends great joy, *but their own hearts know it best.*" [1]

Nausicaa, touched by his prayer—as what woman would not be ?—does more than he has asked. She calls aloud to her fair-tressed, frightened maidens : " Halt, my maidens ; whither flee ye at the sight of a man ? Ye surely do not take him for an enemy ? . . . This man is doubtless some helpless one . . . whom we must kindly entreat, for all strangers and suppliants are from Zeus. . . . So give the stranger meat and drink, and bathe him in the river." [2]

But goodly Odysseus bids the maidens stand apart while he bathes himself. After the bath Athene makes him greater and more mighty to behold . . . and shed grace about his head and shoulders. " Then to the shore of the sea went Odysseus apart, and sat down glowing in beauty and grace, and the princess marvelled at him." [3]

We now see the first budding of love in her pure and as yet untroubled heart, which, with true Homeric *naivëté*, she half-jokingly confesses to her fair-tressed companions : " Listen, my white-armed maidens, and I will say somewhat. Not without the will of all the gods has this man come among the godlike Phæacians. Erewhile he seemed to me uncomely, but now he is like the gods that keep the wide heavens. Would that such a one might be called my husband, dwelling here. . . . But come, my maidens, give the stranger meat and drink." [4]

[1] Od. vi. 149. [2] Od. vi. 198.
[3] Od. vi. 237. [4] Od. vi. 239.

Having arranged the clean linen in the wain,[1] and climbed into the seat, she gives Odysseus directions to follow her to the palace of her father. With maidenly caution and reserve, she tells him to follow the wain with her maidens as quickly as possible, as long as they were in the open fields. But when they arrived at the city, then he was to sit down in the poplar grove of Athene, near the road; "for," she said, "I would avoid the ungracious speech of the baser sort of people, and there are too many insolent folk who might meet me and say: 'Who is this that goes with Nausicaa, this tall and goodly stranger? Where found she him? Her husband he will be, her very own. Either she has taken in some shipwrecked wanderer of strange men, or some god has come in answer to her instant prayer. From heaven has he descended, and will have her to wife for evermore . . . for, verily, she holds in no regard the Phæacians here in the land, the many men and noble who are her wooers.' Thus will they speak, and it would be a shame to me."[2]

Her very caution betrays the nascent inclination of her breast; and the comments of the people which she imagines—that, after all, show high appreciation of her immeasurable superiority — imply that her heart, untouched by any of her noble countrymen, was beating with a new sensation in favour of the goodly Odysseus.

She further instructs him[3] how to gain the favour of her parents, and especially of her mother Arētē, the queen. "When thou art within the shadow of the halls and the court, pass quickly through the great chamber

[1] Od. vi. 251. [2] Od. vi. 276. [3] Od. vi. 303.

till thou comest to my mother. Her chair is leaned against a pillar, and her maidens sit behind her. And there my father's throne leans close to hers, wherein he sits and drinks his wine like an Immortal. Pass by him and cast thy hands about my mother's knees. . . . If but *her* heart be kindly disposed toward thee, there is hope that thou shalt see thy friends, and come to thy well-built house and to thine own country."[1]

When Odysseus rose from his seat in the sacred grove of Athene, the goddess herself met him in the guise of a maiden carrying a pitcher of water. Odysseus asks the way to the palace, and the goddess, that he may meet with no hindrance from the town-folk, who love not strangers, shrouded him in a thick mist until he came into the presence of Alcinoos and Arētē. Then the wondrous mist melted from off him, and silence fell on all within the house, and they marvelled as they beheld him. He clasps the knees of Arētē, and prefers his prayer for her happiness and for her aid in sending him safely to his home. He then sat down in the ashes of the sacred hearth, and the ancient lord Echeneos[2] pleaded his cause before the royal pair. Thereupon Alcinoos raises him from the hearth, sets him on a shining chair, and directs the servants to provide him with food and drink and all that he required. "If," he said, "he is some deathless god come down from heaven, then is this some new device wherewith the gods encompass us. For heretofore the gods appear openly amongst us when we offer glorious hecatombs, and they feast by our side, sitting at the same board.

[1] Od. vi. 305. [2] Od. vii. 153.

And if ever a lonely wayfarer meets them they use no disguise, for we are near of kin to them."[1]

Odysseus disclaims divinity, and begs before all things for food and drink; "for nothing," he says, "is more shameless than a ravening stomach. Though one be worn and sorrowful it biddeth me eat and drink, and maketh me utterly forgetful of all my sufferings."[2] Then, in reply to the eager questioning of Queen Arētē, who recognises the garment which her daughter had given him, he relates his latest adventures.[3]

Alcinoos is so struck by the majestic bearing and the eloquent speech of the hero, that he almost echoes the words of Nausicaa to her maidens: "Would to Father Zeus, and Athene, and Apollo, that so goodly a man as thou, and like-minded with me, wouldst wed my daughter and be called my son, here abiding; so would I give thee house and wealth, if thou wouldst stay of thine own will."[4] He then promises to send him to Ithaca, and meantime entertains him with a rich banquet and the song of a divine minstrel.

Rather against his will—for sorrow was nearer his heart than sports—he is roused by the taunts of the Phæacian youths to show his strength and prowess. Without even laying aside his mantle, he caught up a huge stone—far heavier than the others threw—and sent it hurtling beyond all the marks. Nausicaa, with the whole court, were witnesses of his triumph. He then challenges all comers to wrestle and to box, in proud consciousness of superiority. "I avow myself far

[1] Od. vii. 199.
[2] Od. vii. 216.
[3] Od. vii. 240.
[4] Od. vii. 311.

more excellent than all besides of the mortals who are now upon the earth."[1]

Of course no one accepts the challenge, and Alcinoos alone makes answer: "We[2] are no perfect boxers nor wrestlers, but speedy runners and the best of seamen, and dear to us is the banquet and the dance, and changes of raiment, and the warm bath, and love and sleep."[3]

The king then sends for the minstrel Demodocos and the best dancers. "And Demodocos gat him into the midst, and round him stood boys in the first bloom, skilled in the dance, and they smote the good floor with their feet. And Odysseus gazed at the twinklings of the feet, and marvelled in spirit."[4]

The song of Demodocos, though the worst part of it (v. 333–343)—the shameless avowal of Hermes—is justly suspected, is certainly in entire consonance with the character which Alcinoos gives of his people, and well suited to their luxurious and hedonist tastes. He sang of the loves of Ares and Aphrodite.

Odysseus gives a full description of his marvellous adventures, and both king and queen are transported with admiration. The white-armed Arētē spake: "What think ye, Phæacians, of this man for comeliness, and stature, and wisdom of heart?"[5] And Alcinoos chimes in: "Beauty crowns thy words, and wisdom is within

[1] Od. viii. 221.

[2] Od. viii. 246.

[3] "Nos numerus sumus, et fruges consumere nati,
Sponsi Penelopes, nebulones, Alcinoique
In cute curanda, plus æquo operata Juventus,
Cui pulchrum fuit, in medios dormire dies et."
—HORACE, Ep. i. 27.

[4] Od. viii. 265.

[5] Od. xi. 336.

thee."[1] He calls on all who hear him to bring costly presents. And thus laden with rich garments and costly works of art, they send him home in a splendid barque to his country and his long-suffering faithful wife.[2]

We have dwelt at too great length, perhaps, on the appearance and the actions of Odysseus, because of the love with which they inspired the maiden heart of the lovely Nausicaa. We have seen how little of the heroic there was in the character of her voluptuous countrymen to warm the imagination and touch the heart of so pure and noble a girl as Nausicaa. We learn incidentally that she remained indifferent to the suit of the gay young Phæacian nobles. But when Odysseus appears—the hero of a hundred battles, the bold mariner who has just emerged from long conflict with the angry sea-god—she falls in love with him at first sight. And the impression he made on her at their first strange meeting by the river side is deepened by all that she afterwards heard and saw of him—by his strength and manly beauty, his skill in games, his wondrous eloquence in the relation of his manifold sufferings and trials.[3] Yet when she learns that he is married and must go and leave her to her dreams, there is no frantic outbreak of disappointed love. She lived in a contracted sphere, in simple patriarchal surroundings, but in that narrow world her being was harmoniously perfect. Like all Homeric women, her inclinations were restrained by the *αἰδώς*,[4]

[1] Hor. Epist. I. 27. [2] Od. xiii. 4, 16.

[3] "She loved him for the dangers he had passed."

[4] Hesiod characterises the Age of Iron by saying that *αἰδώς* had fled the earth.

the self-respecting modesty, of the Greeks, and the sanctity of family customs and traditions. She was no heroine in the modern sense of the word, but a noble, unsophisticated girl of sweet, cheerful, and amiable nature, without that depth of sentiment, that tearing violence of passion, in which modern romance delights. She was no Iphigenia or Antigone, no Dido, painted in blood-red colours; and yet her image is stamped on our imaginations with the clearest lines, and the freshest, loveliest hues.

How characteristic is her farewell to Odysseus in its quiet simplicity, its modest self-restraint! When all is prepared for Odysseus' departure, Arētē bids her handmaids prepare the warm bath, and brings forth a beauteous coffer from the treasury, and bestows the gifts therein, precious raiment and gold, which the Phæacians had given him. Then he goes to the bath, and he saw the warm water and was glad, for he was not wont to be so cared for from the day that he left the house of the fair-tressed Calypso; "but all that while he had comfort continually as a god."[1]

After the maidens had bathed him, and anointed him with olive oil, and had cast a fair mantle and a doublet about him, he stepped forth, and went to sit with the chiefs at their wine. "And then Nausicaa, dowered with beauty by the gods,[2] stood by the door-post of the well-builded hall, and marvelled at Odysseus, beholding him before her eyes; and she uttered her voice, and spake to him winged words: "Farewell, stranger; see that

[1] Od. viii. 450.
[2] Θεῶν ἀπὸ κάλλος ἐχουσα.

thou remember me in thy country on a day, for that to me first thou owest the price of life." [1]

Odysseus' answer is worthy of him and her: "Nausicaa, daughter of great-hearted Alcinoos, even so may Zeus the thunderer, the lord of Hera, grant me to reach my home, and see the day of my returning; yea, thereon would I do thee worship as to a god all my days, for thou, lady, hast given me my life." [2]

We cannot believe that his heart remained untouched by so much beauty and sweetness, and by such vital services in the hour of his greatest peril. Yet he goes calmly to the royal banquet, and sends, in true Biblical fashion, a portion of the chine of a white-toothed boar, "with rich fat on either side," to the minstrel Demodocos; for he said, "From all men on earth minstrels get their meed of honour and worship." And Nausicaa looks after the retreating form of him who alone had touched her heart, and retires quietly and sadly to her chamber, and we see her no more. She is placid and resigned, but she will not be so merry again at ball-play and dance, as before the meeting by the river. We are glad to know that she has now her place in the starry heavens as the "asteroid Nausicaa." [3]

There can be no better proof of the extraordinary fascination exercised in all ages on the minds of great poets by the episode of Nausicaa, than the fact that both Sophocles and Goethe wrote, or endeavoured to write, a drama of which she was the heroine.

The *Ναυσίκαα* or *Πλύντρια* of Sophocles is lost, with the exception of a few fragments. It was probably a

[1] Od. viii. 457. [2] Od. viii. 464. [3] Palisa Pola, 1879.

youthful work of the great poet, and we may be quite sure that he would treat the subject in a very different way from Homer, whose plot would seem much too tame for the author of "Œdipus," "Ajax," and "Antigone." One of the scenes is said to be the meeting of Odysseus and Nausicaa by the seashore, in which scene her maidens form the chorus. Casaubon and Lessing, on slight grounds, conjecture that it was a satyric drama; but Welcker, following a remark of Eustathius,[1] maintains that it was a tragedy, and certainly neither the character of Odysseus nor of Nausicaa seem to lend themselves to farce.

At the fall of the curtain Odysseus is seen standing on the shore in early morning, naked, and wasted by long fast and immersion in the water, pondering on his helpless condition, and not knowing what to do. At last he ascends a wooded hill, and prepares himself a couch among the leaves. He enlarges on past and present dangers and perplexities, as one wrecked on a strange and apparently uninhabited coast. He speaks in a natural wash-house, in front of which are the unfailing cisterns.[2] This grotto was between the river bank and the wood to which Odysseus betook himself just before the appearance of Nausicaa and her maidens. The audience know that Odysseus is sleeping on his bed of leaves, which is hidden by the trees. Nausicaa and her handmaids enter, and begin to talk of the wash and the secret reason for it—viz. the preparations for her "glad marriage." As they busily trample on the linen, a fine opportunity is

[1] Ad Il. iii. 54, 381; Welcker, Gr. Trag. II. Abth., Bonn, 1839.

[2] Πλυνοὶ ἐπηετανοί. These were not trenches, but a floor of stone with raised edges.—Od. vi. 86.

afforded for the chorus to chant a song of merry and mythical contents. During a pause in the washing the chorus execute a dance, in imitation of the trampling action. Nausicaa, perhaps, was absent during the work, looking out for a convenient drying-ground. When Nausicaa returns, the linen is laid out and they bathe and anoint themselves with the olive oil which Arētē had given them, and then take their meal. When they were satisfied with food they fell to playing ball,[1] casting away their tires, and the white-armed Nausicaa began the song.

Odysseus, as we know, was awakened by the cry of the maidens over the lost ball. He emerges from the wood, driven by fierce hunger, naked, gaunt, and terrible. It is a matter of life and death to him, and he must find help now or perish miserably. All flee at his approach but Nausicaa. He addresses her in moving words, and she pities and relieves him. The fragments do not enable us to realise the *dénouement* which Sophocles gives to the drama.

Sophocles also wrote "The *Φαίακες*," in which the life of Odysseus among the Phæacians is portrayed. He is also said to have written other plays, of which the plots were drawn from the Odyssey.

Goethe too contemplated the composition of a tragedy with Nausicaa as the central figure. He was not a great Greek scholar, in the usual sense of the word. He read his Homer in translations, and it was not until the year 1771, when he was more than twenty years old, that he could read Homer in the original language. Yet no

[1] See Appendix XVIII.

man was ever more thoroughly imbued with the spirit of classical antiquity; no one has ever handled the Homeric metre more happily than he, in the beautiful idyll "Hermann and Dorothea." And above all other songs of the Greek Muse he loved the Iliad and the Odyssey. In reference to his domestic epic, "Hermann and Dorothea," he says:

"Denn wer kämpfte mit Göttern, und wer mit dem *Einen?*
Doch Homeride zu sein, wenn auch der letzte, ist schön!"

"For who would fight with the gods, and who with the *One?*
Yet to be a follower of Homer, even the meanest, is fine!"

In April 1787 he visited Palermo in Sicily, and was shown the enchanting gardens in the neighbourhood of that city. "All this," he says (*i.e.* the sight of that most beautiful promontory in the world, and the dædal loveliness of the Sicilian vegetation), "recalled to my mind the island of the blessed Phæacians, the gardens of the king Alcinoos, and the sweet figure of the lovely Nausicaa." He went into the town and bought the Odyssey, and took it with him to read in these famous gardens; and there, he says, for the first time, did the scenes of that wondrous poem become a reality to him. It was there, at the foot of the Rosalienberg, that he brooded over the conception of a "Nausicaa," and even began to write the plan. In a letter to Schiller (iv. 102), Goethe says: "Uns Bewohner des Mittellands entzückt zwar die Odyssee, es ist aber nur der sittliche Theil des Gedichts, der eigentlich auf uns wirkt, dem ganzen beschreibenden Theile hilft unsere Imagination nur kümmerlich und unvollkommen nach. In welchem Glanze

aber dieses Gedicht vor mir erschien, als ich Gesänge desselben in Neapel und Sicilien las! Es war als wenn man ein eingeschlagenes Bild mit Firniss überzieht, wodurch es sogleich deutlich und in Harmonie erscheint."

But the luxuriant plant-life of the South awakened in him his old idea of the "Urpflanze"—the original plant from which all other plants were derived and developed. The fair vision of Nausicaa became dim; "the garden of Alcinoos vanished from his mind, and in its place rose the garden of the world."

Many years afterwards, in December 1817, he wrote to his friend Boisserée: "It vexes me afresh that I did not follow up my purpose of writing a 'Nausicaa.'" He thought that it would have been as good as his "Iphigenia" and his "Tasso." We may regret it too, but Goethe's Nausicaa would have been a very different person from Homer's. There can be no more instructive example of the difference between the spirit of the heroic age of Greece and that of our modern world, than the difference between these two figures, as we shall see more clearly in the following sketch.

He describes Nausicaa, of course, as a lovely, much-wooed maiden, as a young girl, free, frank, and cheerful, lovingly obedient to her parents; amiable, hospitable, and religious. She has hitherto been a stranger to the sentiment of love, and receives with entire indifference the homage of the noble Phæacian youths, but succumbs at once to the majestic stranger, who presents such a striking contrast to the effeminate, feasting, dancing, carpet youths by whom she is surrounded.

The impression which he made on her at first sight

is deepened by the display of his mental and bodily powers, by his eloquence and skill in games. In one passage she tells Odysseus the circumstances in which she lived—the wealth of her father, and the glorious beauty of the island and the palace in which she lived—and hereby betrays her inceptive love.

The following is Goethe's sketch of the plot of the never-finished play.[1]

ACT I

The game of ball. The care she takes that Odysseus should not be seen in the town in her company is a sign of her rising inclination. In this scene a girl called Xanthe plays a conspicuous part; as does also another of Nausicaa's maidens, Tyche, the most active of the ball-players.

ACT II

Description of the palace of Alcinoos. The character of Nausicaa's suitors. Entrance of Odysseus.

ACT III

Is intended to set forth the interest and importance of Odysseus' adventures. "And I hope," says Goethe, "in relating the incidents of his long wanderings by sea and land, to produce something worthy of the art of poetry." During this relation Nausicaa's sympathy and excitement increase, and Odysseus' eloquence is warmed by her evident admiration.

ACT IV

Stung by the taunts of the young Phæacian nobles, Odysseus very reluctantly takes part in their games, and, to their astonishment and confusion, he hurls a huge stone far beyond the distance which they

[1] *Göthe-Forschungen*, von v. Waldemar, Freiherr v. Biedemann. Frankfurt, 1879.

had reached. He then challenges them to box and wrestle, a challenge which they prudently ignore. Nausicaa and the other women remain in the house, and give vent to their feelings of admiration of Odysseus' strength and skill. The display of his mental and physical superiority brings Nausicaa's feelings to a climax, and she compromises herself.

ACT V

Odysseus now announces the existence of his wife, which he has hitherto concealed, and his resolution to return to his home at once.

ACT VI

Nausicaa in despair commits suicide!

No doubt Goethe would have produced an admirable play, and a heroine more interesting to the nervous and excitable modern reader, than the calm, self-restrained maiden of Homer's Odyssey. Yet some, I think, will turn with a feeling of relief from the vista which Goethe opens to our eyes, of frantic passion, self-abandonment, and violent death, to the calm, gentle, self-respecting, though suffering figure of Homer's Nausicaa, and her pathetic parting words: "Farewell, stranger; see that thou remember me in thine own country on a day." The Nausicaa of Goethe affects our senses like a raging and destructive storm; that of Homer, like the fragrant breath of a flower garden on a bright May morning. To modern tastes a scene in Ibsen's play is more congenial. It shows how a recreant lover should be dealt with.

Ella Rentheim, speaking to her unfaithful lover, Borkman, says: "I am speaking of the crime for which

there is no forgiveness. . . . *You are a murderer! You have committed the one mortal sin. You have killed the love-life in me.* The Bible speaks of a mysterious sin for which there is no forgiveness. I never understood what it could be; *but now I know. The great unpardonable sin is to murder the love-life in a human soul.*"

As we contemplate the sweet image which Homer has drawn upon our hearts, we are astonished to remember how short a space she occupies in the beautiful Phæacian episode. Yet it brings her before us not only in the clearest outlines, but with the brightest and the fairest colours. She stands before us dowered with beauty by the Graces, religious,[1] helpful and loving to her parents, kind and hospitable to strangers, brave and cheerful, freely joining in the dance and song with her companions; so virginal that even her dreams are not of lovers, but of linen,[2] though keenly appreciative of heroic excellence, and capable of devoted love. Who can help loving this brave, sweet maiden? Who will not admire her dignified calmness under the bitterest disappointment that can befall a woman?

[1] Od. vi. 187. [2] Od. vi. 27.

EXCURSUS

THERE is nothing more remarkable in the social history of Greece than the difference in the character and position of women, as set forth in the Iliad and Odyssey, and as we see them in the pages of the tragedians and comedians of the so-called classical period. No one can deny that the *status* of the higher class of women in the great Epics is a very distinguished and honourable one. We need only consider the examples of Andromache and Hekabe in the Iliad, of Helen in both the poems, and of Arētē and Nausicaa in the Odyssey. We see that marriage was regarded as a highly honourable estate, as an enduring and sacred bond. Where is the relation between man and wife more exquisitely represented than in the last sad meeting of Hector and Andromache on the walls of Troy? What woman has ever surpassed Penelope in long-enduring constancy in the midst of the greatest temptations and the most harrowing trials of her faith? What woman was ever more highly honoured by her husband and her people than Arētē, the wife of King Alcinoos? Who ever chanted a more eloquent eulogy of the bliss of pure and faithful wedlock than Odysseus in his prayer to the lovely princess Nausicaa?

In the culminating period of Greek culture and

civilisation, in the most brilliant age of the "violet-crowned"[1] Athens, "the eye of Hellas," all this is changed. The men have ascended to intellectual heights never attained before or since; the great mass of the women have become mere household drudges, without part or lot in the great affairs of life, disregarded and despised as necessary evils. The change which took place between the age of Homer and that of Pericles is immense, and extremely difficult to account for. Even in Hesiod we find a change, very much for the worse, in the condition of women. The position of women in Greek tragedy and comedy, which only falls incidentally within our scope, and can only be treated briefly and superficially here, is fully and ably discussed by Mr. Benecke in his "Antimachus of Colophon: a Fragment for the use of Scholars." See also Professor Mahaffy's interesting chapters (second and third) of his work on "Social Life in Ancient Greece."

Of love, in our sense of the word, the crown and glory of the woman, there is hardly a trace in the Attic drama. Æschylus never brings a couple in love upon the stage, and prides himself upon the fact. "I never wrote of the adulteries of Phædra or Sthenoboia, nor do I know that I ever made a woman in love."[2] Sophocles employs the passion of love to enhance the tragic interest of his plots, as in the "Antigone," where Hæmon,

[1] Pindar, Fr. 46: Λιπαραὶ καὶ δοίδιμοι Ἑλλάδος ἔρεισμα κλειναὶ Ἀθᾶναι. *Cf.* Aristoph. Ach. 637.

[2] Aristoph. Ranæ. 1012:

Ἀλλ' οἱ μα Δί' οὐ Φαίδρας ἐποίουν πόρνας οὐδὲ Σθενεβοίας,
οὐδ οἶδ' οὐδεὶς ἥντιν ἐρῶσαν πώποτ' ἐποίησα γυναῖκα.

her lover, commits suicide from despair at losing her. But he never makes love—the love of the sexes—the main feature of his drama, and his Antigone sacrifices herself, not for her lover, who plays a very subordinate part, but for her brother. *We* wander through a three-volume novel, or sit out a five-act play, to watch with breathless interest how the author will bring a young man and a young woman into the safe haven and heaven of matrimony. This would have seemed ludicrous to a Greek tragedian of the palmy days of Athens. Sophocles and Euripides, like Æschylus, are inclined to regard the passion of love as a *νόσος*—a fell disease sent by the gods in anger. Thus Helen excuses her escapade with Paris: "Punish," she says to Menelaos, "not me, but the goddess, and show yourself superior to Zeus, who rules over all the other deities, but is a slave to Aphrodite."[1]

What can be more alien to our view of love and marriage than the speech of Sophocles' noblest creation, Antigone, in which she shows her preference for a brother to parents, husband, or children?—or more shocking than the reasons she gives for it? "Never," she says, "had I been the mother of children, or if my husband had been mouldering in death, would I have taken this task upon me, in the city's despite. What law, ye ask, is my warrant for that word? The husband lost, another might have been found, and a child from another man to replace the first-born. But father and mother hidden in Hades, no brother's life could bloom for me again."[2]

[1] Euripides, Troades, v. 941: *τὴν θεὸν κόλαζε, καὶ Διὸς κρείσσων γενοῦ.*
[2] Soph. Antigone, 905.

Controversy on Antigone's Strange Speech

A very lively controversy has arisen concerning the authenticity of this passage; and many commentators, and among them Professor Jebb,[1] maintain that it is an interpolation, taken from Herodotus. "The wife of Intaphernes, who, with all his kindred, had been convicted of treason against Darius, came and stood before the king, weeping and wailing." And Darius was touched with pity for her, and sent a messenger to her to say: "Lady, King Darius gives thee as a boon the life of one of thy kinsmen; choose which thou wilt of the prisoners."[2] Then she pondered awhile before she answered: "If the king grants me the life of one alone, I make choice of my brother." Darius, when he heard the reply, was astonished, and sent again, saying, "The king bids thee tell him why it is that thou passest by thy husband and thy children, and preferrest thy brother. He is not so near to thee as thy children, nor so dear as thy husband." She answered, "O king, if the gods will, I may have another husband, and other children, when these are gone; but as my father and my mother are no more, I cannot have another brother." *Darius was so pleased with her "wise answer"* that he gave her the life of her eldest son also; but he slew all the rest.

Besides the sentimental grounds which he thinks are sufficient to prove that the passage in the "Antigone" is an interpolation from Herodotus, Professor Jebb thinks that the composition of vv. 909–912 are unworthy of Sophocles. In a very interesting note

[1] See his edition of the "Antigone" (Cambridge, 1888), and the Appendix to v. 905 *et seq.*

[2] See Appendix XIX.

on the passage he gives many weighty reasons for his opinion. Goethe, as a poet, was naturally "horrified" at the slur on the character of his favourite heroine, and fervently hopes that the scholars would unanimously reject the offensive lines. His wish has not been fulfilled. Authorities of equal weight take different sides in the controversy. Bellermann, Böckh, Moritz, Seyffert, and others either justify or excuse the passage. Hermann, who characterises it as sophistical, adds significantly, "Sed placebant talia scilicet Atheniensibus," but gives no decided opinion.

If it is an interpolation it is a very ancient one, for the whole passage was included in the text which Aristotle[1] had before him not later than 338 B.C. Those who reject it suppose that it was inserted very soon after the poet's death by his son Iophon, or by some actor of the play.

The argument against the authenticity of the passage is weakened, I think, by the fact that it does not stand alone in its strange and distasteful logic. In the "Eumenides" of Æschylus,[2] Apollo defends Orestes on the plea that a mother is not really a parent, but only a nurse; and Athene too votes for him, because she herself had no mother!

> "For as no mother gave me birth,
> My grace in all things, save the nuptial rites,
> Attends the male, as from my sire I drew
> The vigour of my soul."

[1] Rhet. iii. 16, sec. 9, where he quotes vv. 911, 912.
[2] 648 and 726.

The reasoning of Antigone is hardly more surprising, more unromantic, we might almost say more absurd, than that of Apollo and Athene.

We find it difficult to enter into modes of thought so alien to our own, but, to be quite fair in our judgment in this controversy, it is necessary to do so as far as possible. We see that Herodotus relates the story of Intaphernes' wife, without expressing any disapproval; and Darius, we are told, was "highly pleased with her," and thought that "she had answered well." Herodotus must have been of the same opinion. The passages quoted above from the "Eumenides" have not been called in question, though they are equally repugnant to our taste. Why, then, should that which seemed reasonable and praiseworthy to Herodotus, Darius, and Æschylus, be thought so unworthy of Sophocles? It is, indeed, hard to have the fair image of the noble self-sacrificing maiden in any degree defaced; but, on the other hand, it is dangerous, in criticising ancient authors, to allow too much weight to æsthetic considerations. Even Shakespeare's maidens betray feelings and make use of language which we should gladly brand as spurious. And, after all, is the disputed passage so very inconsistent with the uncompromising sternness of Antigone's character, as shown in her treatment of her sister, the gentle Ismene, when she hesitates to defy the laws of the city? "I will not urge thee; no, nor yet if thou shouldst have the mind, wouldst thou be welcome as a worker with me." "Go and denounce me! Thou wilt be far more hateful for thy silence, if thou proclaim not these things to all."

We must also take into account the very low views of love and marriage which were prevalent in the age of Sophocles, and remember how weak was the tie of marriage compared with that of kindred blood. How little is Antigone concerned about her lover Hæmon! When she is being led away to death, she bewails, indeed, that "no bridal bed, no bridal song, no joy of marriage, no portion in the nurture of children" have been hers, but there is no mention of her particular lover. And how strange is the attitude of Hæmon himself when he hears that his mistress is condemned "to go living to the vaults of death." "Father," he says, "I am thine, and thou in thy wisdom tracest for me rules which I shall follow. No marriage shall be deemed by me a greater gain than thy good guidance." He then enters into a long academic argument with Creon, and gradually works himself up to the madness of suicide, but his whole bearing leaves us utterly cold.

It is generally supposed that Euripides has incorporated more of the element of love in his dramas than his two great predecessors. But even in his works the men take very little interest in the women. He too, like Æschylus and Sophocles, thinks of love as a furious disease. This is very clearly shown in his Medea,[1] when Jason, who owes everything to her, coolly tells her that he owes her no gratitude, as she was driven by the fury of her love to save him. The difference between what we mean by love and what Euripides meant by it, and the essentially sensual and selfish nature of love in his view of it, is clearly shown by the fact that, in the case

[1] v. 520. *Cf.* Eurip. Hippol. 477, 730, 764.

of Medea, Phædra, and others, directly it is thwarted in its passionate desire, it turns to the most deadly hatred.

At the same time we must allow that Euripides did something to raise the estimate of women. He was certainly a misogynist, and speaks very bitterly of women, but he had a high idea of their intelligence and power. As wives he maintains that they ought to be in entire subjection to their husbands, never to leave the house or to see visitors at home. "No wise man," he says, "will give a woman her head; if he does he will probably get murdered."[1]

This absolute subjection of the wife to her husband—not because she loves him, but because he is her lord and master—is fully shown in the "Alcestis." She does not seem to care much for Admetus, and he thinks it quite natural that she should be ready to die for him, and makes very little objection to her doing so.

But subordinate and unromantic as the love represented in the noblest works of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, it is still further debased in the older and middle Attic comedy, and especially in the latter. It was, no doubt, the Ionian Greeks who first put women in the background, following Oriental example, and their influence soon made itself felt in Athens.

The early Attic comedy was almost exclusively political, and women are almost ignored, except Aspasia and other eminent *hetairai*, who, unable to bear the drudgery and monotony of the virtuous matron's life, preferred to gain their freedom even at the cost of their reputation.

[1] Fr. 463 (Cressæ), Fr. 464.

Cratinus, the first distinguished dramatist of the Old Comedy, was a bitter opponent of Pericles, on whom he lavishes the most pungent personal abuse. Crates, one of the principal actors of Cratinus' plays, also wrote comedies, the women of which belonged to the *hetairai;* and three of his plays are called after the notorious women of this class, Corianno, Thalatta, and Petale.

The earlier plays of Aristophanes, too, are also mainly political, and his keen satire is employed with terrible effect against Socrates and Cleon. In these there are but few allusions to women, and where they are brought upon the stage they are shown up in a revolting fashion, as incontinent and drunken.[1]

Yet some ancient critics maintain that in his "Cocalus," one of the very last of his dramas, is to be found the forerunner of the new romantic comedy of Antimachus, Menander, and Philemon.[2] How improbable, not to say impossible, this is, is clearly proved by Benecke.[3]

But it is in the Middle Comedy that women, love, and marriage are the most degraded and despised. Of love, as distinguished from brute passion, there is hardly a trace. The *hetairai* are in full possession of the field, and marriage is held up to contempt and ridicule. Athenæus[4] gives a passage from the "Athamas" of Amphis, in which the superiority of the *hetaira* over the wife are gravely set forth. The advantages of commerce with the *hetairai* over that of an intrigue with the wives of others

[1] Eccles. 877; Thesmoph. 383; the Lemniæ.

[2] Vita Aristoph. p. xxxviii.

[3] Antimachus of Colophon, p. 135 *et seq.*

[4] xiii. 559 A. See Appendix XX. *Cf.* Athenæus, xiii. 562 C. We see a reflection of this style in the Truculentus, Mercator, Mostellaria, &c., of Plautus.

are also dwelt upon with great force. "A girl that one is going to marry," says one of these poets, "has all the disadvantages of a wife but for one thing. While the wife *in esse* is, as a later writer expresses it, 'an immortal necessary evil,' and therefore cannot be altogether escaped from, there is no need to meet troubles halfway by drawing attention to the wife *in posse*. 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we marry;' and while we do so, let us have no Alexandrian skeleton at the feast to remind us of the fatal hour." [1]

The contempt, we may say the hatred, for pure love in marriage appears throughout the Middle Comedy; and it was chiefly on account of their advocacy of a purer love that Plato and the much-maligned Sappho are held up to scorn and ridicule.

Benecke [2] gives amusing instances of this feeling from an unnamed poet,[3] who declares that marriage is worse than disfranchisement, and gives the reasons why: "When one is disfranchised, the law does not allow us to rule others; but when one is married, one is not even master of one's self." [4]

Still better is the passage in the "Philopator" of Aristophanes, where a man asks another about a common friend, and learns that he is married. "*What* do you say —married? *really* married! he whom I lately left alive and walking about!"

In Greek comedy, as we have seen, we find the women in the lowest state of degradation, and, morally speaking, in utter ruin. The "Ranæ" and the "Equites"

[1] Taken from "Antimachus of Colophon" by E F. M. Benecke, p. 159.
[2] l.c. p. 162. [3] Incert. 34. [4] See Appendix XXI.

of Aristophanes present to us a picture of social decadence for which we can only find a parallel in the first French Revolution. We find there not only criminal excess of every kind, but even shameless cowardice, and deliberate treachery and meanness.

The Middle Comedy "goes one worse,"[1] and as no lower depth could be reached, we are hardly surprised to see in the New Comedy a powerful and wholesome reaction in the direction of decency and virtue.

It is difficult to draw a hard and fast line between the three comedies, Early, Middle, and New, because while in the one preceding there are sometimes indications of a coming change, so in the succeeding there is often a recurrence to the former evil tone. We may, however, fix the date of the improvement with Benecke at the years 315–310 B.C., somewhat later than that generally adopted, because many of the earlier comedies of Menander breathe something of the evil spirit of the Middle Comedy.[2] To whom this most salutary change is to be attributed is a matter of doubt and dispute, but the honours are divided between Antimachus of Colophon, Menander, and Philemon. Antimachus is mentioned in connection with Lysander and Plato. A story relates that he read his "Thebais" before a large audience, who, being wearied with it, gradually went away, till no one but Plato was left. But Antimachus consoled himself, saying that Plato outweighed a thousand others.

Antimachus is mentioned in terms of high praise by ancient authors, though Catullus calls him "*tumidus*"[3];

[1] For Xenophon's (Œcon. 7. 5) opinion of the young woman of his day see Appendix XXII. [2] Benecke, l.c. p. 194. [3] Carmen, 95.

but as there are only a few fragments of his works left to us, we cannot form a judgment respecting his merits. His chief work, the "Thebais," was celebrated and read for centuries after his death. His elegy "Lyde,"[1] addressed to his wife after her death, was considered as a model of the virtuous love poem, and is referred to by Cvid in his "Tristia."[2]

It seems more than probable that the works of Antimachus influenced the great coryphæi of the New Comedy, Menander and Philemon, and first inspired them with a reverence for enduring affection, as distinguished from the momentary frenzy of passion, which is the only recognised form of love in the Middle Comedy. What could possibly seem more ludicrous to the writers of the latter than that marriage should be held up as the supremely happy state, the great object of the lover's hopes and wishes?

Respect for the sanctity of marriage was considered one of the chief features and the greatest merit of the works of Menander;[3] and Plutarch recommends them as especially suitable for the study of married men.[4] Among the chief followers of Antimachus, Philetas and Callimachus are especially mentioned and commended.

Whoever may have originated the romantic drama, it is quite certain that it differs *toto cælo* in respect to love and marriage from the Middle Comndy, and in

[1] See Appendix XXIII.

[2] i. 6. 1 :—

"Nec tantum Clario Lyde dilecta poetæ,
Nec tantum Coo Battis amata suo est,
Pectoribus quantum tu nostris, uxor inhæres."

Cf. Asclepiades in Anthol. Pal. ix. 63.

[3] Epigram. C. i. G. 6083.

[4] Sympos. vii. 712 C.

of pure and even Platonic l
as the highest object of a
"Stichus" of Menander, two
their absent husbands for thre

[1] *Cf.* the "Heauton-Timoroumenos" ut mores consimiles forent."

APPENDICES

APPENDIX I

(Page 3.)

Ὁποίας Ὅμηρον ἀναγραψωμεθα πάτρης
Κεῖνον ἐφ' ᾧ πασαι χεῖρ' ὀρέγουσι πόλεις
Ητὸ μὲν ἐστιν ἄγνωστον ὁδ' ἀθανατοῖς ἴσος ἥρως
Ταῖς Μούσαις ἔλιπεν πατρίδα καὶ γενέην.

—Anthol. Pal. ii. 715.

Ὅμηρος μὲν οὖν τίνων γονέων ἢ ποιᾶς ἐγένετο πατρίδος οὐ ῥάδιον ἀποφήνασθαι, οὔτε γὰρ αὐτός λελάληκεν.

—Proclus, Life of Homer.

Οὐ γὰρ ἔφυ χθονὸς ἔργον, ἀπ' αἰθέρος ἀλλὰ ἑ Μοῦσαι,
Πέμψαν ἵν' ἡμερίοις δῶρα ποθητὰ φέροι.

—Anthol. Pal. ii. 715.

APPENDIX II

(Page 5.)

Wolf's Preface to the Iliad, p. xxii. :—"Quoties-penitus immergor in illum veluti prono et liquido alveo decurrentem tenorem actionum et narrationum; quoties animadverto ac reputo mecum quam in universum æstimanti unus his carminibus insit color . . . vix mihi quisquam irasci et succensere gravius poterit, quam ipse facio mihi."

Appendices

APPENDIX III

(Page 8.)

"Nec sic incipies, ut scriptor cyclicus olim
Fortunam Priami, cantabo et nobile bellum,
Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?
Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus."
—Horat. Ars Poet. 136.

APPENDIX IV

(Page 11.)

"Adparet Divom numen, sedesque quietæ
Quas neque concutiunt venti, nec nubila nimbis
Adspergunt; neque nix, acri concreta pruina,

Appendices

(Page 21.)

The *Apotheosis of Homer*, by Archelaus, son of Apollonios of Priene, was found at Bovillæ, and is now in the British Museum. It is supposed that this relief formed one of a series made in the reign of Tiberius for the use of schools. It is arranged in four parallel stripes, of which only the lowest is represented here.

The first figures on the left, as we learn from the inscriptions under them, are Οἰκουμένη (the inhabited world), with a modius on her head (as a Chthonic deity?), and Χρόνος (time), standing side by side behind the throne of the deified poet. Oikoumenos, as representative of the human race, is in the act of crowning him, while Chronos, with his long, swift wings, is bearing the poet's works in his hand down the stream of ages. Before them is the immortal bard himself, enthroned, with a sceptre in his left hand, and a branch (or roll of paper?) in his right. He is no longer "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," as he is represented in busts, but appears in all the pride of renewed and immortal youth. On each side of him crouch two small figures, representing the Iliad, with a sword in his hand, and the Odyssey, with an aplustre (stern of a ship). On his footstool are a frog and a mouse, as reminiscences of the Batryomachia (the battle of the frogs and mice). Immediately in front of Homer, and turning towards him, is Mythos (fable), whose boyish form indicates the childlike character of Fable. He is bearing the oinochoe (ewer) and wine-cup, in the capacity of Hierodule (sacrificial attendant). To the right, again, is the flaming altar, behind which stands the victim, a Carian ox, with the hump peculiar to that breed. Next to the altar, on the right, stands History, of which Homer was the source, casting incense into the fire. Then follow Epic Poetry, holding a torch in each upraised hand; then Tragedy and Comedy, the germs of which lie in the works of Homer. The former of these is distinguished by superior height and more dignified carriage and dress, and especially by the lofty ὄγκος (the bushy top-knot of hair), intended to give greater height to the brow.

The figures of this lower strip
background to the scene.

APPENDI

(Page 2:

Μόνον Σοφοκλέα τυγχάνειν Ομ
Σοφοκλῆς ἀφ' ἑκάστου τὸ λαμπρὸ
ἑλέγετο.

APPENDIX

(Page 23.

See *infra*

(Page 23.

Ἀπώλετο πράν τοι Ὅμηρος,
Τῆνο τὸ Καλλιόπας γλυκερόν
Μυρεσθαι.

Appendices

(Page 23.)

Ἀλλ' Ὅμηρός τοι τετίμακεν δἰ ἀνθρώπων, ὃς αὐτῶν
Πᾶσαν ὀρθώσαις ἀρετὰν κατὰ ῥάβδον ἔφρασεν
Θεσπεσίων ἐπέων λοιποῖς ἀθύρειν
Τοῦτο γὰρ ἀθάνατον φωγᾶεν ἕρπει
Ἔ, τις εὖ εἴπῃ τι. —Isthm. iii. 55.

APPENDIX VIII

(Page 23.)

"Traditum est etiam Homerum cæcum fuisse. At ejus picturam, non poesin videmus. Quæ regio, quæ ora, qui locus Greciæ, quæ species formaque pugnæ, quod remigium, qui motus hominum qui ferarum, non ita expictus est, ut quæ ipse non viderit, nos ut viderimus effecerit."—Cic. Tusc. Disput. v. 39.

APPENDIX IX

(Page 30.)

The Alexandrians in Schol. Alcibiad. I. cap. i. ed. Tur. p. 916, B. 33.

Ομήρω, ὦ καὶ τόξον Απολλων ἀυτὸς ἔδωκεν.

APPENDIX X

(Page 32.)

Ὣς ἔφατ' οὐδ' ἀπίθησε διάκτορος Ἀργειφόντης
Αὐτίκ' ἔπειθ' ὑπὸ ποσσὶν ἐδήσατο καλὰ πέδιλα
Αμβροσια χρύσεια τὰ μὲν φέρον ἠμὲν εφ' ὑγρήν
Ἠδ' ἐπ' ἀπείρονα γαῖαν ἅμα πνοιῇς ἀνέμοιο.
—Od. v. 43.

Appendices

APPENDIX XI

(Page 54.)

Ἄνδρας ὄντας καὶ δικαίους καλούστε κἀγαθούς
Καὶ τραφέντας ἐν παλαίστροις καὶ χοροῖς καὶ μουσικῇ.
—Aristoph. Ranæ, 745.

No mention of arithmetic (γράμματα), which seems to have been rather despised. Aristophanes says—

οὐ δὲ μουσικῇ ἐπίσταμαι
Πλην γραμμάτων καὶ ταῦτα μέντοι κακὰ κακῶς.

APPENDIX XII

(Page 72.)

ἐν τῇ ῥα μὲν γάμοι τ' ἔσαν εἰλαπίναιτε,
Νύμφας δ' ἐκ θαλάμων δαΐδων ὕπο λαμπομενάων

These ornaments are found on clay figures of Astarte at Amalphus in Cyprus (see Cesnola-Stern, i. 50, 3.) Found also on old Greek and Etruscan figures (see Perrot et Chipicz, iii. p. 257), and on Tanagra figures in Necropolis of Kameira, and on Francois vase (see Helbig, Epos, 270).

(Page 82.)

The Isthmion was the ancestor of the classical necklace (Schol. to Od. xviii. 300):—

Ἴσθμιον ἰσθμὸς ὁ τράχηλος.

Such necklaces are found in bronze in the Apennine peninsula, in the Necropolis of Villanova. (See Helbig, Epos, 271; and Friederich's "Kleinere Kunst," pp. 124 and 527.)

APPENDIX XIV

(Page 89.)

"L'Art Mycen.," par M. W. Helbig, *Mémoires de l'Institut Nation. de France*, tome xxxv. p. 291:—"J'y ai supposé que les Phéniciens eurent une large part dans le développement de la civilisation que nous connaissons surtout par les monuments de Mycènes, et qui a prit, pour cette raison, le nom de Mycénienne . . . Les malheureux Phéniciens sont dévenus l'objet de la profonde antipathie de plusieurs savants. . . . On a voulu contester aux Phéniciens l'honneur d'avoir été les maîtres des Grecs primitifs."—P. 347.

(Page 92.)

"Les poètes épiques quand'ils parlent d'objets d'art, expriment la plus grande admiration pour les produits de l'industrie phénicienne. Nous sommes donc logiquement forcés d'attribuer à cette industrie les chefs-d'œuvre qui se trouvent en Grèce, parmi les restes 'mycéniens' et de remplacer le *x* par 'l'art phéniciens.'"

Appendices

APPENDIX XV

(Page 121.)

Κύπρι φιλομειδής, θαλαμηπόλε τίς σε μελιχρὴν
Δαίμονα τοῖς πολέμων ἐστεφάνωσεν ὅπλοις;
(Aphrod.) Εἰ γυμνὴ νικῶ, πῶς ὅταν ὅπλα λάβω;

APPENDIX XVI

(Page 175.)

Ὅτι ἐκ τούτου τοῦ ἴστου ἔλαβε τὸ πλείον τῆς Ἱστοριάς τοῦ Τρωικοῦ πολέμου ὁ θεῖος Ὅμηρος. —Aristarchus ad I. G. 125.

APPENDIX XVII

(Page 175.)

Appendices

Λακεδαιμόνιοι, βασιλέων δὲ ὁ μέγας Ἀλέξανδρος, ἰδιωτῶν δὲ Σοφοκλῆς ὁ τραγικός, ὃς καὶ ὅτε φασί τὰς Πλυντρίας ἐδιδάσκε τὸ τῆς Ναυσικάας πρωσώπον σφαίρᾳ παιζούσης ὑποκρινόμενος ἰσχυρῶς.

APPENDIX XIX

(Page 223.)

Ὦ γύναι βασιλεύς τοι Δαρεῖος διδοῖ ἕνα τῶν δεδέμονων οἰκηΐων ῥύσαοθαι τὸν βούλεαι ἐκ πάντων. Ἡ δε βουλευσαμένη ὑπεκρίνατο τάδε εἰ μὲν δή μοι διδοῖ βασιλευς ἑνὸς τὴν ψυχὴν αἱρέομαι τὸν ἀδελφεόν. κ.τ.λ. —Herod. iii. 119.

APPENDIX XX

(Page 228.)

Εἶτ' οὐ γυναικός ἐστιν εὐνοϊκώτερον γαμετῆς ἑταίρα; πολυ γε καὶ μαλ' εἰκότως. ἡ μὲν νόμω γὰρ καταφρονοῦσ' ἔνδον μένει, ἡ δ' οἶδεν ὅτι ἡ τοίς τρόποις ὠνητέος ἀνθρωπος ἐστιν ἡ πρὸς ἄλλον ἀπιτέον.

APPENDIX XXI

(Page 229.)

Τοὺς μὲν γοῦν ἀτίμους οὐκ ἐᾷ,
Ἀρχὴν λαχόντας ὁ νόμος ἄρχειν τῶν πέλας.
Ἐπὰν δε γήμῃς οἰδὲ σαυτοῦ κύριον
Ἔξεστιν εἶναι.

Τι συλεγεις; ἀληθινῶς
γεγάμηκεν, ὃν ἐγὼ ζῶντα περιπατοῦντα τε
κατέλιπον:

Appendices

APPENDIX XXII

(Page 230.)

Xenophon (Œconom. vii. 5) thus describes the young woman f his day, the latter half of the fifth century B.C. :—

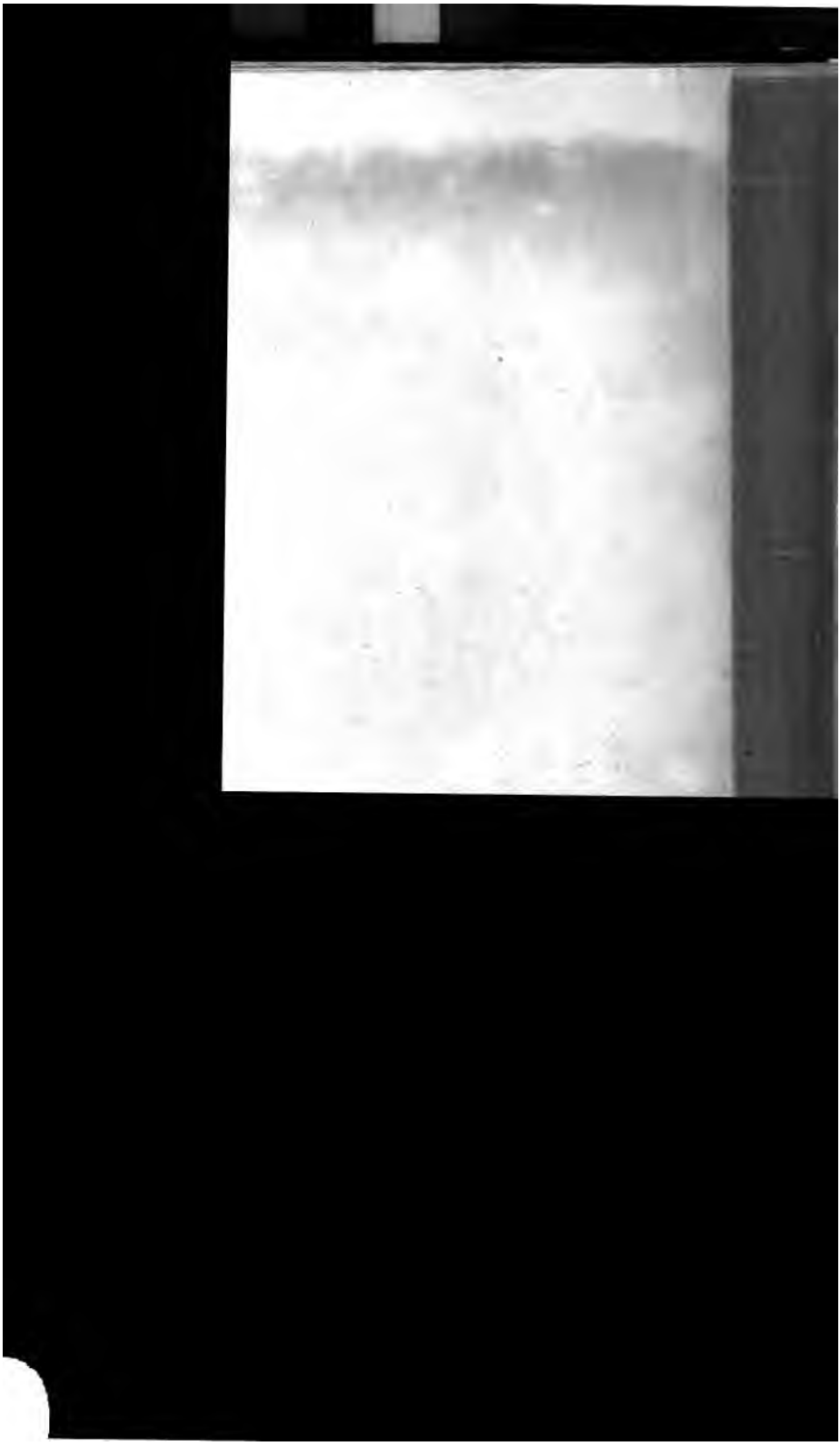
Καὶ τί ἂν ἐπισταμενην αὐτὴν παρέλαβον ἥ ἔτη μὲν οὔπω πεντε- αίδεκα γεγονυῖα ἦλθε πρὸς ἐμέ τὸν δ' ἔμπροσθεν χρόνον ἔξη ὑπὸ πιμελειας ὅπως ἐλάχιστα μὲν ὕψοιτο ἐλάχιστα δὲ ἀκούοιτο, ἐλάχιστα ὲ ἔροιτο.

nd again (v. 13)—

Ἔγημας δὲ αὐτὴν παῖδα νέαν μάλιστα καὶ ὡς ἠδύνατο ἐλάχιστα ωρακυῖαν καὶ ἀκηκουῖαν.

Παῖς νεα means a fool in the Tragedians.—Æsch. Agam. 284 ; urip. Hipp. 429.

APPENDIX XXIII



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